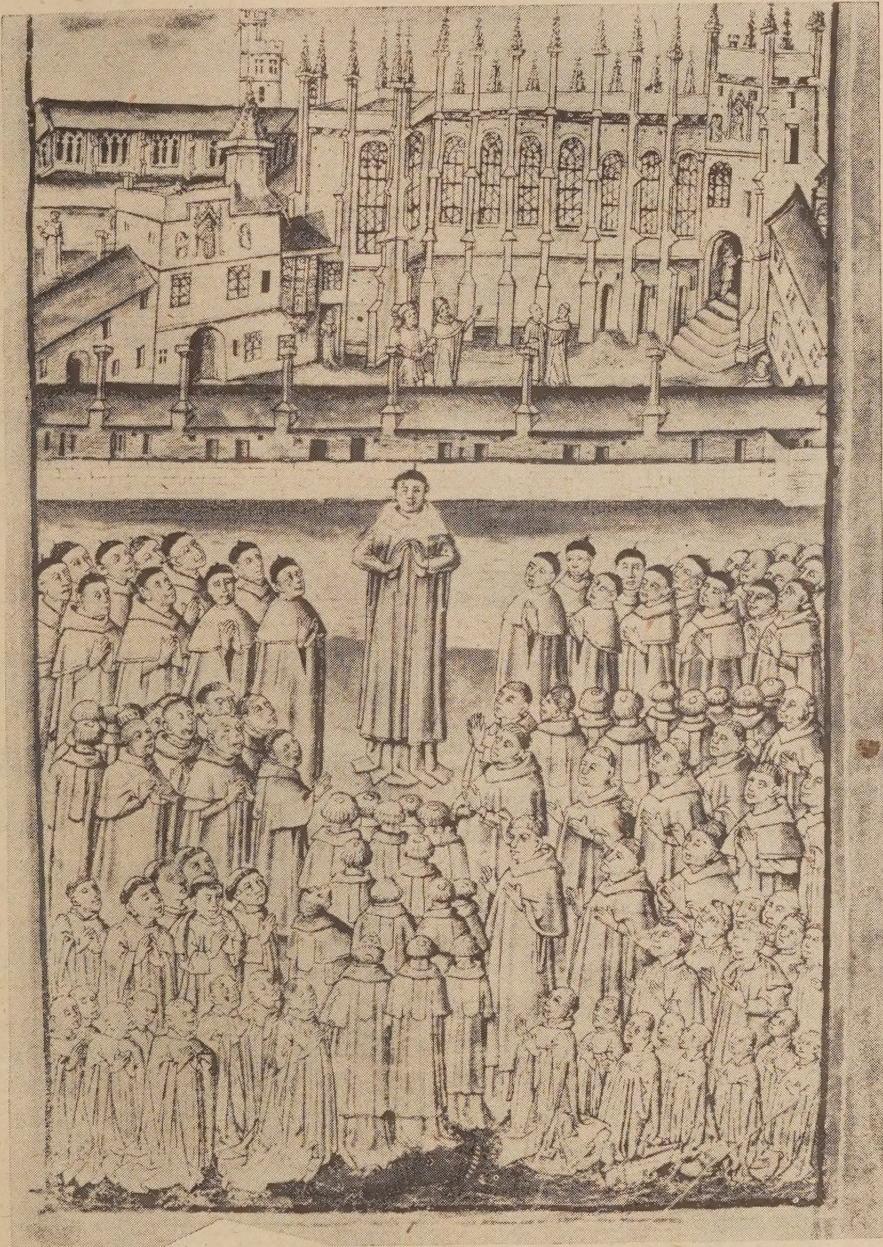


The Listener

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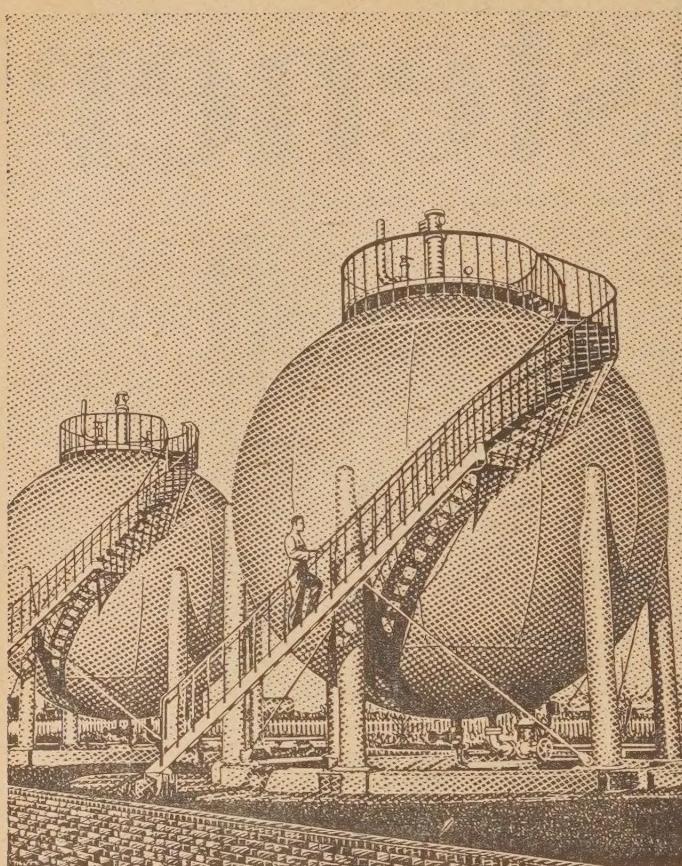
The society and buildings of New College, Oxford (c. 1463): from a drawing in the Chandler MS. belonging to the College (see page 1028)

In this number:

Tributes to Sir Desmond MacCarthy

The Age of Atomic Power (Sir John Cockcroft)

The Idea of the Creation of the World (Karl Jaspers)



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The Economic Prospect Before Us

By F. W. PAISH

THE differences of opinion between economists, as between other people, about the right economic policy for this country to follow do not arise because they disagree substantially about the dangers of our present position or its causes. These are simple and well-known. The sale of many of our foreign investments during the war and the incurring of heavy foreign debts have combined to make us a debtor country for the first time in our history and have reduced the purchasing power, in terms of imports, of our annual income from foreign investments by something like £500,000,000 a year at present prices. Still worse, while prices of our exports have risen about threefold since 1938, prices of our imports have risen by well over four times. This worsening of our terms of trade is costing us about £1,000,000,000 a year. So that last year, even though we imported only about as much as in 1938 and exported some eighty per cent. more, we had an adverse balance of payments of over £500,000,000.

At the time the war ended most of our foreign debts were ones which were incurred as the result of our war efforts, and we had a strong moral case for asking to be allowed to repay them very gradually. Since then, however, while the total has not fallen, a large part of the war-time debts have been replaced by debts incurred for ordinary peace-time purposes. We have no case for refusing to pay these when asked. These creditors are mainly other countries in the sterling area. At times when they are getting good prices for their exports to non-sterling countries, our debts to them add to their sterling balances, build up our gold reserves, and conceal the effects of our own adverse balance. When prices of their exports fall, they draw on their sterling balances and our gold reserves to maintain their imports. Withdrawals of sterling balances have contributed to two of the three sterling crises since the war—those of 1947 and 1951-2; and they were the main cause of the third—the crisis of 1949. This danger to the pound of inconvenient withdrawals of sterling will continue so long as the sterling balances remain so much larger than our gold reserves. Our

position can be made safe only by greatly reducing our debts and increasing our reserves, and that, now that we can expect no more gifts from America, can be done only by a long series of export surpluses. Meanwhile, any surpluses we can achieve must be kept for increasing our liquidity, and long-term foreign investments must be kept to the minimum.

Last year, when it became obvious that we were no longer paying our way, the position was immediately made much worse by a speculative flight from the pound. Exchange control can prevent some forms of this, but not all. No one knows how much this speculative flight added to our gold losses between June 1951 and March 1952, but the amount may well have been measured in hundreds of millions.

The combined effects of these three causes was to halve our gold reserve between June 1951, and March 1952. It also turned our credit balance with the European Payments Union into a very large debt. If our gold losses had continued much longer at this rate, the Treasury would have had to stop supplying gold at a fixed rate of exchange even in payment for essential imports. The result would have been a drastic fall in the value of sterling, a further worsening of the terms of trade, a sharp further rise in the sterling price of imports and of the cost of living, and a renewal of the vicious circle of rising prices, rising wages, and rising costs, leading ultimately to a new depreciation of the currency.

In looking to the future, we cannot expect any very large relief from our external difficulties. We may, it is true, hope for greater restraint in future in withdrawals from the sterling balances, and since the beginning of this year there has been a perceptible, though not large, improvement in our terms of trade. Unfortunately this has been mainly due to a fall in prices of certain industrial raw materials, such as wool, rubber, and jute, which the rest of the sterling area exports to the outside world as well as to this country. These falls in price do help the United Kingdom, but they make it more difficult for the rest of the sterling area to stop drawing on its sterling balances, and

more difficult for the sterling area as a whole to balance its accounts with the rest of the world. It would be over-optimistic to expect the improvement in our terms of trade to go very much further. During the coming years we shall probably find that many of our products are increasingly difficult to sell abroad at existing prices, because the world-wide inflation which has continued during most of the time since the war now seems to be coming to an end; and increasing competition in export markets may be expected, not so much from the United States (for the world is still short of dollars)—but mainly from Germany and Japan. These countries, with their recently restored productive capacity, are largely cut off from their most important pre-war markets for industrial exports (western Germany in eastern Germany, central Europe, and the Balkans; and Japan in Manchuria and China). As they lose their help from the United States, they will be increasingly driven to compete in our export markets. Unless and until, therefore, world supplies of food are substantially increased, the terms of trade between food and manufactures are more likely to go further against us than in our favour.

Meeting an Imminent Danger

In the face of the imminent danger of the exhaustion of our gold reserves, there were three urgent things we had to do. First, we had to persuade the other countries of the sterling area to reduce their drawings on their sterling balances to the lowest possible level as soon as they could; this we apparently managed to do at the sterling area conference in January. Secondly, we had to persuade the outside world that this country was determined to maintain the exchange value of sterling, and that no further depreciation of sterling was to be expected. It looks as if we managed this, at least temporarily, with the March budget, and particularly with the rise in Bank Rate to four per cent. The greater strength of sterling, and the much reduced losses of gold, during the past quarter have been mainly due to a reversal of the speculative movement of the previous nine months. But this improvement will prove only temporary unless we can substantiate it by the most essential measure of all—a marked improvement in our balance of payments.

In order to bring our balance of payments into equilibrium in the second half of this year, the Government are aiming at importing £300,000,000 less than last year and increasing our exports by £50,000,000. They believe that this, together with the improved terms of trade, will be just about sufficient to wipe out the adverse balance. I think they are optimistic in this. Last year we lost the oil revenues from Abadan only for six months, while this year we shall lose them for the whole year; and in view of the fall in the world demand for textiles we may find it difficult to maintain our exports, let alone increase them. On the other hand, we may be able to face at least a temporary drop in imports without serious hardship. Ever since the war we have been gradually rebuilding our depleted stocks of materials and finished goods. This process is now pretty well completed, and stocks of some things are even excessive. The mere slowing down or stopping the process of accumulation of stocks may well save us something like £200,000,000 a year of imports, while a moderate fall in some stocks would add appreciably to this.

In the short run, the Government is enforcing a reduction in imports by a drastic cutting down of import licences. This is a most undesirable way of achieving it. It means the cancellation of existing contracts, and often heavy losses for foreign exporters, and it can be justified only by the acute emergency. Further, it can be only a first step. If imports are cut without any reduction in demand at home, the result will be an excess of demand over supply, a renewed tendency for prices and costs to rise, and ultimately a fall in exports. It is therefore essential for the Government to take steps to reduce demand at home to a level corresponding with the reduction in supplies available.

There are several ways in which the Government could conceivably have reduced aggregate demand. It could have cut its own expenditure. Unfortunately the essential needs of the defence programme need an increase in government expenditure instead of a decrease. Or it could have taken direct action to reduce consumption by raising taxes further or by cutting food subsidies without reducing taxes. That it has not done so is probably due to a number of causes. It would have been very unpopular—extra taxation of the rich would merely have led to increased consumption of capital, and to be effective in reducing consumption of goods the taxes would have had to be levied on the general body of taxpayers. Taxation is already so high that further increases might have had bad effects on productivity. Many of the goods, such as textiles, which would have been released by curtailing home demand, are of the

sort which we are already having great difficulty in selling abroad, so that a further fall in demand would cause additional unemployment. And finally (though he did not say so in so many words) the Chancellor clearly indicated that consumption would fall without any help from him. What he did say was that he thought we should be able to maintain the level of consumption only if we increased the average volume of industrial production by about four per cent. over last year. There are few people who think that there is much chance of industrial production rising this year by even half that proportion—though results next year may perhaps be better; so that what the Chancellor was really saying was that consumption would have to fall substantially this year if his other objectives were achieved—presumably because the cost of living would rise faster than incomes.

Even so, it is most unlikely that consumption will fall by nearly enough to close the whole of the gap opened up by an improvement of £350,000,000 in the balance of payments and a net increase of £150,000,000 in government expenditure. The Government is therefore relying for the fall in demand mainly on a reduction in investment. As housing is to be increased further, the bulk of the reduction must come out of a fall in industrial investment, both in equipment and in stocks. A reduction in the private demand for industrial equipment would release goods of a type greatly in demand both for export and for the defence programme; so it may be unavoidable in the short run. But on a longer view the necessity is greatly to be regretted, for the country has still scarcely made good the under-maintenance and under-replacement of much of its plant during the war. Every effort should therefore be made to expand production of capital goods by enabling those thrown out of work elsewhere to be absorbed into capital goods industries with the minimum of delay. A reduction in the rate of building up stocks, or even an actual fall in some stocks, would probably be much less harmful.

It is when we come to the ways in which a cut in investment can be enforced that differences of opinion become really acute. Some people believe that the sensible way to do this is by direct controls, so that the available resources can be directed to places where they are thought to be most wanted. But a system of controls can only work if there is inflation. Controls, at least in a western country, mean not letting people do things they want to. Only if there are more people with money to spend than there are things to spend it on are controls either necessary or effective. Controls are never one hundred per cent. effective in controlling an inflation, as we have discovered during the last five years; and to continue an inflation after the rest of the world has stopped is the surest way of having an adverse balance of payments. The alternative method is to stop the inflation altogether by limiting the supply of money at the source. If the demand to borrow money is in excess of the supply at existing rates of interest, the pressure of demand without an increase in the supply will force up the rate of interest. As soon as money becomes scarce and people are compelled to economise it, they can no longer afford to hold unnecessary stocks or to undertake other investment which is not absolutely essential. There is no doubt that by making money scarce enough, investment can be effectively restricted—or indeed that even a severe adverse balance of payments can be cured. But we cannot hope to end the inflation which has persisted in this country to a greater or less degree ever since the war without some unpleasant consequences.

Rise in Unemployment Likely

In particular we cannot hope to keep unemployment down to between one per cent. and two per cent. as we have since the war. This level can be maintained only when business profits are unusually high throughout the country—when most businesses would employ more workers at existing wages if they could get them—and when therefore there is no long delay between leaving one job and getting another. With the end of inflation there will be only as many jobs vacant as there are people looking for them; many will not be able to find work in the same industry or in the same place as before, and will therefore take longer to become re-employed. We shall be lucky if with every effort, unemployment can be kept below Lord Beveridge's estimated minimum of three per cent., and it may very possibly go higher than that. We must therefore not be alarmed if unemployment rises to between 600,000 and 800,000, provided that most of it is temporary. It is the inevitable cost of bringing inflation to an end and will cause infinitely less suffering than if we become unable to pay for the import of the essential food and raw materials without which we shall face not merely mass unemployment but mass starvation.—*Third Programme*

Yugoslavia Revisited

By PHYLLIS AUTY

JUST before I left England, I read a brochure which said: 'When travelling to Yugoslavia be sure to take with you everything you need—soap, tooth brush, razor blades, comb, etc., because you will not be able to buy anything in Yugoslav shops'. My own previous experience in Yugoslavia had confirmed this. Yet on my first morning in Zagreb I found shop windows full of all these things; and not only that, all kinds of goods were tastefully displayed—lovely leather handbags, shoes—hand-made and very smart, pottery, china, glassware, silks, umbrellas, thousands of things that gave me an itch to buy. It is the first time since the war that Yugoslav shops have had these goods for sale, and it gave the towns a gay pre-war appearance quite different from the drab austerity of the past seven years. Food shops, too, were crammed with produce—butter, hams, sausages, cheeses, cream.

But a friend I was with hastened to assure me that I must not draw false conclusions from what I saw in the shops; few people had money to buy many of these things, very few indeed could afford such things as the beautiful English cloth on sale at the equivalent of £10 to £12 a yard. But the fact that there were new things had put a stop to the brisk trade in second-hand goods which has been one of the features of life in Yugoslavia in the past few years. And now that there is more to spend money on, there is a new incentive to work. Prices are high compared with wages and I found that most families were preoccupied with the problem of making ends meet. If you go to restaurants at the end of the month when it is getting near pay day you find orchestras playing to half-empty rooms; at the beginning of the month they are full, as everyone is out on the spree. But to pay for such outings and any little extras, the husband nearly always has to do two jobs. In

Yugoslavia this is not so difficult, since office-hours are from 7 a.m. to 2 p.m. In many families, too, the wife goes out to work. Indeed, the need for the wife to earn money is so generally recognised that the mother-in-law has come to play a new role in Yugoslavia. It is said that when a man wants to get married he tries to find not only a suitable wife, but also a good mother-in-law, who will live with the young couple, help in the house, and in the course of time, look after the children.

Yet in Zagreb, as we sat under the flowering chestnut trees in an outdoor cafe drinking coffee and eating cream cakes, I was astonished at the well-dressed, leisurely crowd that strolled past—fashionably dressed women, manicured, 'permed', made-up, mothers with the smartest of babies and small children—it might have been anywhere in western Europe. One thing that has not changed much in the past year is the housing conditions in the towns. In spite of much new building, it is still considered normal, even luxurious, for a family of two parents and two children to be living in two rooms. Nearly all my friends have one, often two, parents-in-law living with them, and it is taken for granted that small children have to sleep in the same room as their parents. These conditions are partly the result of war-time destruction but also of the steady movement of population from the villages into the towns.

I went to a village I used to know before the war when a lot of young people were unemployed. This year I found a different problem. All the young people have left the village to go into industries in the towns, and the village now has a population of elderly men and women—hardly enough to farm all the land. In this village, and many others I visited, there is no housing problem. Indeed, I noticed that peasants are using their savings to build themselves new houses. I have a friend, a small peasant farmer, whose wife has always wanted to have a house with a wooden instead of an earthen floor. They have now saved up enough money, and this year, as building materials and permits are easier to get, they have started to build. Incidentally, this peasant has bought himself extra land in the past six months; and although he does not like to admit it, he and his family live very well—much better than they did before the war.

I also saw other peasant friends of mine who are not so fortunate. Before the war they were very prosperous, and even now they have enough land to be classed as large peasants. This year I found they had only two cows instead of the usual herd. I asked why they had sold the rest, and was told that the head of the family had been assessed at £500 income tax for the past year. This was a crippling and quite arbitrary assessment, and as he did not have the money he had had to sell his stock and even borrow from his relations. He said that he could not stand another such assessment and if this happened he would have to give up farming altogether. I asked the old man why he did not join a co-operative farm where he would be immune from income tax. He looked at me to see if I was serious: didn't I know, he said, that the co-operative farms were all bankrupt? That they were run by people too inefficient to work their own farms? That all the peasants on them were lazy and had to be taken to work by lorry, and even then only worked an eight-hour day? No, he said, he would rather starve than be in a work brigade on a co-operative farm.

I took some trouble to check up on his indictment of co-operative farms, particularly on his statement that they were all bankrupt. I found that about one-third of the total have been working at a loss and some



'The village now has a population of elderly men and women'



Open-air cafe in Zagreb

of those that were made up of very poor land are being disbanded and given back to private ownership; others are being reorganised so that only part of the land is worked on a co-operative basis, and then for one special crop, such as potatoes or vines. But I also found that at least a third of all co-operatives are successful. I myself have visited both good and bad co-operatives—more good than bad, because the good ones are usually considered more worth visiting. It seems to me that one of the greatest difficulties in running them—apart from the shortage of machinery—is Yugoslavia's lack of skilled and experienced people to do the organising and technical work.

I met one young man—he could not have been more than twenty-six—who was in charge of the accounting on one of the larger co-operatives. He told me that none of his assistants was trained: trained people are all needed in more important jobs in industry or government departments. His co-operative, in common with most others, has been in existence only three years, which, as the young man pointed out, is not nearly long enough to be a real test. Many of the families who belong to it had decided last autumn they would like to leave and go back to private farming. But the Government did everything to discourage them from doing this, and in the end the people have agreed to give co-operative farming another trial. The final decision came last winter, after the Government's severe taxation drive against privately owned farms, and the increase in railway fares which made private marketing of goods more difficult. The peasants in co-operatives realised that the Government intended to make it hard for individual farmers to make big profits.

But conditions have forced many changes in the way co-operatives are to be run. I found that most of the old rigid—and in some cases foolish and uneconomic—methods of organisation have been discarded. People in co-operatives may now work in a family group, not on the brigade system. They are assigned a piece of land, told what is expected from it, and allowed to get on with the job. If they produce more than their quota, they keep three-quarters of the excess for themselves. They also must get rent for the land they contribute to the co-operative, they get payment for their work, and a share in profits: in addition they are now being encouraged to take out small shares, worth about 20s. both in co-operative farms and business enterprises.

During discussions with people from the villages, and later with men and women in the towns—including some of the leading men—I noticed how freely people were prepared to talk: they criticised, grumbled, talked about past failures and present policies, with a freedom and frankness—that is something new in post-war Yugoslavia, and was not always to be found even in pre-war days. In recent years conversation has often been cramped by the knowledge that Yugoslavs who criticised the Government too strenuously—particularly if they voiced their criticisms to foreigners—were liable to be picked up by the security police and sent to gaol on charges of endangering the security of the state. As far back as 1950 I was told by Marshal Tito that this system was being changed. I noticed some improvement last year—this year a remarkable change. I still found myself occasionally looking over my

shoulder when people voiced their opinions too loudly, but I was repeatedly assured by my Yugoslav friends that this was not necessary; they feel safe to talk as they wish, the bad old system no longer operates.

This year I met my friends when and where I wished and without any feeling of restraint, and I discussed every aspect of their lives with them. I stayed in people's houses and visited frequently for meals. I found people reading books that I thought would have been banned, and discovered everyone teaching or learning English. Only one political affiliation is dangerous in Yugoslavia today, and that is to be a Cominformist. Perhaps the best illustration of present conditions compared with a year or two ago is that of a man I have known for many years. Five years ago he was gaoled on a charge of treason because he had been too active in political opposition. Today he is free—although he was given a life sentence. He is not under police supervision, and he has a good job in a government department. As a matter of interest I asked him about his conditions of imprisonment, and if he had experienced any brutality. He said he had not. He said that in prison he had been employed on his own trade and he had been allowed to receive books and read English and American newspapers.

Whilst I was in Yugoslavia a new constitution was being drafted and new regulations for local government. It seems clear that government policy is now to try to get more people, not necessarily communists, to take part in government, with stress on efficiency rather than ideology. These developments, together with the decentralisation started last year, and the workers' councils in industry could make really fundamental changes in Yugoslavia.

But it should not be forgotten that these changes, both economic and political, have been made possible because of western aid to Yugoslavia, and because Tito since he broke with Russia is much freer to develop his own ideas of government. These ideas which are now being worked out are all changes away from the Soviet system of government. The Yugoslav leaders claim that they are improvements and most Yugoslavs I know would certainly endorse this, though several times I heard the criticism that there has been too much change and experiment and most people would now be glad of a period of stabilisation. Tito still considers himself a communist, and his supporters claim that these changes represent a new and better form of communist government. But my impression is that Tito's main concern is less with ideology than with the practical job of making Yugoslavia, for the first time in history, a united, stable, and prosperous country. Tito will be sixty this year, and I think he is ambitious to see results in his own lifetime. I also think he is well aware that it is immensely difficult to get quick results in a country as undeveloped and inexperienced as Yugoslavia; and he has to face the added difficulty of the heritage of the violent political past of the south Slav peoples. I feel with Yugoslavia today that we are watching a gamble with history and with time. Tito's plans need Tito to direct them. They may have a chance of success if they can be tried out for a number of years—perhaps a generation—and provided that there is peace during that time.

—Home Service

Germany: a Baffling and Dangerous Phase

By MATTHEW HALTON

ONE day recently, in Bonn, I visited the new west German defence ministry, to talk to some of the men who are rebuilding a German army—only seven years after the war. It was very different from the old war ministry in Berlin that I had known before 1939. There were generals there: General Adolf Heuzinger, who had been Hitler's chief of operations in Russia, and General Hans Speidel, who had been Rommel's chief of staff—but there were no uniforms yet; and there was no heel-clicking or military pomp. And in the drab little building in the provincial university town, which still seems surprised to find itself the capital of 50,000,000 people, there was a staff of only 200. But there it was (to mock at us a little)—a German war office functioning again.

I met there a handsome, intelligent, likable young ex-soldier who had fought in the German First Paratroop division, one of the most

deadly fighting formations of the war. And I asked him if there was much enthusiasm among young Germans for rearment and the European army. 'Very little—so far', he replied—and I half expected him to add: 'But wait till the bands start playing!' Instead he continued: 'Enthusiasm may grow when the new army is actually in being. But militarism in Germany is dead, you know; scorched out by the war. Militarism is not a law of nature even in Germany. We do learn. Our ruins are still around us; and we lost about 4,000,000 soldiers killed and 1,000,000 civilians in the air raids. And Prussia is broken up. It may be that we are now the least militarist country in Europe.'

It may be. And another German may have been wrong when he said cynically: 'They'll stop saying *ohne mich*—count me out—when they see the first armoured division rolling towards the Elbe!'

But anyway, the Germans are to be rearmed, as our friends and allies; the occupation is ended; and a new phase has begun in the struggle for Germany—the struggle to decide whether the most vigorous and restless people in Europe will be for us or against us a few years from now.

Seven Years Ago

Only seven years ago the war ended. The concentration camps had given up the unspeakable. The Germans had 'shut the gates of mercy on mankind', and we vowed a Punic peace. Germany, we almost felt, should, like Carthage, be ploughed up and cursed and sown with salt. Roosevelt had actually initialised a plan to reduce her to a land of peasants and cowherds. In the still burning ruins of Berlin on VE-day I had seen the British, the Americans, and the Russians take the unconditional surrender from Field-Marshal Keitel and then drink toasts all night to our lasting friendship. But now Russia and the west were in hostile camps and the Germans were to be rearmed. We had signed the treaty of Bonn, which makes the Federal Republic sovereign and our ally; and the next day in Paris there was signed the European Defence agreement, which in fact, if not in name, makes Germany a member of the North Atlantic Pact and provides for the creation of a German army to serve under the banner and in the uniform of Europe. As I watched these signings in Bonn and Paris I felt something like awe at the waywardness, almost the insolence, of history, with her fantastic turns and twists. But, as if to give a specially ironic twist to the whims of history, most of the Germans did not like what was being done.

Take the German Social Democrats, who are the opposition party, and in fact the strongest party in the country. They may well come to power in the west German elections next year. And they say the treaties of Bonn and Paris are the most disastrous errors the west has made since the war. The rearmament of west Germany within the N.A.T.O. system, they say, means the permanent partition of their country. If it goes through, the hope for a united Germany will be gone; and the danger of war will be sharply aggravated.

The Social Democrats argue like this: 'Obviously', they say, 'the Russians will never allow unity and free elections if it simply means that east Germany too will pass over into the N.A.T.O. alliance. Moreover, from now on the Russians will live in fear. They will think the west really is preparing a crusade. And can you blame them? Why do you think Adenauer and his Catholic party and his big industrialists are accepting this deal with the west? Do you think they have accepted the permanent partition of Germany? Not at all! They simply believe that when we are rearmed, in alliance with the west, we shall be strong enough to demand the return of the eastern zone. And more than that: the return of the lost provinces east of the Oder-Neisse line. There's your dynamite! there's your danger of war.' The only hope for Germany, for Europe, and for the world, the Social Democrats believe, is German unity in agreement with Russia. now. And they believe the Russians genuinely want it.

Beliefs of Carlo Schmid

A version of this was expounded to me in Bonn by Carlo Schmid, one of Dr. Schumacher's right-hand men in the Social Democrat leadership. Unlike the bitter and extravagant Dr. Schumacher, Schmid is affable, jovial, and on speaking terms even with people who disagree with him. And I could not agree with much of his argument. He believes that Russia honestly wants and is seeking a world settlement with the United States. He thinks she honestly wants a free, united Germany. And he thinks that American policy is more dangerous than Russia's. With many others, incidentally, in Germany, in France and here, he is led by fear of war and hate of rearmament to the curious and completely unthinking conclusion that the *danger of war* and the *need for rearmament* is all America's fault.

I suggested to Dr. Schmid that this seductive idea of a great united neutral Germany was a dream and a dangerous dream of wishful thinking; that the 70,000,000 most vigorous, restless and ambitious people in Europe would never sit quietly in a power vacuum; that the day would come when they would be on one side or the other; and that it might well be the other. Enter the nightmare: the nightmare of a German-Russian alliance.

Dr. Schmid just laughed at this. 'If that is your nightmare', he said, 'you can put it back under the bed. When Germany is united she'll join neither side. She'll be like the knee joint, dividing and yet

bringing together and articulating Russia and the rest. That is the only possible solution. The other way means disaster. As for a deal with Russia—why, we Germans have more in common with the Chinese than we have with the Russians'.

Which hardly banished our ghost—the new 'spectre that is haunting Europe'. Russia, in her almost desperate anxiety to keep Germany out of the western system, may well play some very high cards in the next few years. She may offer not only German unity with free elections—but also revision of the Oder-Neisse line at the expense of Poland. And perhaps even more: perhaps even, if necessary, another partition of Poland. There are shrewd Germans—and others—who expect such offers. More important: there are Germans, and even groups of Germans, who are thinking—only tentatively and vaguely so far—of a Russo-German arrangement in the future. Combine the military and industrial genius of Germany with the space, the masses, and the raw materials of Russia, they say, and you will have the most formidable partnership the world has ever seen. Nothing could stand against it. They argue that there is no future for Germany in a western grouping, either in trade and commerce, or power and glory, or anything else. The need for markets alone must draw German skills and energy eastward; and as the managers of an enormous Eurasian empire they would become at last the managers of the world.

Would the Germans Fall for 'National Communism'?

You may say all this is chimerical—and I hope it is. But one such arrangement, the treaty of Rapallo in 1922, enabled Germany to evade the restrictions of Versailles. Another, the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1938, gave Hitler a free hand against the west. And much though the Germans hate Russia now, they could forget it soon enough if it suited their ambitions or needs or mood—just as our own feelings toward the Germans changed pretty quickly when a new menace appeared. And as for the Germans' present dislike of Communism, I wonder if we can count on it. I am afraid most Germans could fall for National Communism as easily as they fell for National Socialism, or for anything else that had nationalism in it. The Germans are so easily deceived. And I have heard more than one of them say: 'Now we Germans—if we had Communism we'd make it work'. I may be wrong; and I may exaggerate the whole danger of a German-Russian arrangement. I hope I do.

But how do Adenauer and the Christian Democrats answer the Social Democrats' argument against rearmament and against integration into the N.A.T.O. system? Being Germans, they are obviously not reconciled to the indefinite partition of their country. What, then, do they envisage? Do they hope, as their opponents say, that when they are rearmed they will be able, with the backing of their allies, to force Russia to return the eastern zone and the lost provinces? Their reply goes like this: 'If by "force" you mean war, the answer is no. We are not mad; we are fully aware that this is the atomic age, and that a few weeks of war would leave nothing of Germany worth uniting or recovering. But we certainly do hope to see the day when the west, with ourselves as part of it, will be so strong that Russia will give up her dream of world conquest and be ready to negotiate a general settlement. We admit that the future is all very hazy and difficult. We don't pretend to see the end of the road clearly. But we are sure that a united neutral Germany would end up, somehow, in Communist hands. That is why we are fighting for integration with the west'.

Schumacher's Social Democrats say that if they win the next German election—which must be held before August next year—they will repeal the treaties which sign west Germany into the European army; but the Christian Democrats seem not too worried by this threat. They feel that even if the Social Democrats win the election they will probably accept the *fait accompli*. 'When the European army containing German divisions is actually in being', they say, 'the Social Democrats will hardly be able to undo it—and probably won't want to'.

It is still far from certain of course that the European Defence Community, with its twelve German divisions, will ever come into being. It must be ratified by all the parliaments concerned before the first German soldier is enlisted, and its opponents in France as well as in Germany are fighting it bitterly. It was France that devised the plan, and a striking plan it was. The great German qualities—vigor, talent, enthusiasm for the cause of the moment—were to be harnessed to the common good; and the German demons—ferocity,

(continued on page 1043)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

New and Old

THE ancient universities are no longer the preserves of the well-to-do as they were largely at the beginning of the century. The social revolution of our times has ensured that boys and girls good enough to win open scholarships need not be prevented from taking them up because of their parents' financial circumstances. Thus, in fact as well as in sentiment, Oxford and Cambridge have become a part of our national heritage in which all subjects of the Queen may take pride. They are still institutions almost without rivals, at any rate in their background and their history.

The present Warden of New College, Dr. A. H. Smith, who is a philosopher, has dared to provoke the trade union susceptibilities of his colleagues in the faculties of history and architecture by presenting the public with a fresh book about his college and its buildings*, from which the picture on our cover this week has been reproduced. Clearly it is a labour of love that should be widely appreciated. Dr. Smith reminds us that when William of Wykeham, the ecclesiastic and statesman, founded his College of St. Mary of Winchester as a new Oxford college in 1379, it had a profound effect on the development of the university. Although Walter de Merton's foundation had set the pattern, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries 'it seemed that a university was emerging in which the senior members, its resident doctors and masters, would be grouped in small independent societies, whereas the great body of young students would be living a separate life in hostels, taverns, or private lodgings'—almost like a modern university. But Wykeham founded a society consisting of a warden and seventy scholars, with ten priests and three lay clerks competent to sing with sixteen choristers. The scholars, who were to be boys of sixteen or over, covered the whole range of those then engaged in study at the university. It seems possible, too, though this is a matter of speculation, that in promoting a tutorial system for young scholars in beautiful surroundings the founder of New College intended to confer on others the kind of upbringing he himself—a 'self-made' man—had enjoyed at the hands of good parents.

Be that as it may, it should not be assumed that the very pleasant existence enjoyed by the Fellows and undergraduates of an Oxford college in our own days was the medieval lot. On the contrary, the Fellows had to share rooms and were expected to carry out their ablutions at the pump. Gradually the old order changed; first the Warden improved his circumstances, then the Fellows, and last of all the students. Water closets were introduced in 1903, but baths did not arrive until later. It is fascinating to learn that as late as Warden Spooner's days (he flourished before the war of 1914-1918) the college plate was kept under Mrs. Spooner's bed. But more than its buildings, its traditions or its bath-rooms the life of a famous college, such as New College, must depend on the characters of its wardens. Warden Spooner (notorious for his 'Spoonerisms') differed from Warden Fisher (the historian and one-time Cabinet Minister), who succeeded him, and Warden Smith differs again from Warden Fisher. To some men, as to those persuasively described in a recent novel by C. P. Snow, to be the head of a college is the ultimate aim in life; others pray, as did Warden Shuttleworth of New College in the eighteenth century:

Make me, O sphere-descended Queen,
A Bishop, or at least a Dean.

Yes, there is more to an ancient university than its sticks and stones.

* *New College and its Buildings*. By A. H. Smith. Oxford University Press. 21s.

What They Are Saying

Broadcast comments on Mr. Gromyko's appointment

THE APPOINTMENT OF MR. GROMYKO to be Ambassador in London has aroused much speculation, not least in France. *Paris Presse* suggested that his main task would be:

To try to increase the influence of the Bevanite movement and to gain acceptance for fresh Soviet proposals, or else simply to aggravate the existing differences between London and Washington over foreign policy.

Le Figaro also thought that the appointment may be the prelude to a new orientation in Soviet policy, and said:

The reactions produced in Europe by the growing influence of American diplomacy on the conduct of western policy in general have been particularly marked in London. There was, for example, the attitude of the Foreign Office towards the negotiations for German rearmament and the despatch of Lord Alexander to Korea. It is possible therefore that Mr. Gromyko has been given instructions to exploit this psychological climate and to try to open a breach in western unity.

The Yugoslavian paper *Politika* was of the opinion that the Kremlin's purpose may be to try to accentuate the divergence of views between Britain and the United States on the question of western Germany. A similar view was expressed by the western German *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, which insisted, however, that the community of interests in the west was far stronger than the differences.

Dealing with Lord Alexander's recent press conference and his report on his visit there, a Moscow radio commentator had this to say:

He (Lord Alexander) referred to the criminal intervention in Korea as a remarkable rehearsal for a new world war. Alexander thus left no doubt that the British ruling classes completely shared the responsibility of the aggression in Korea with the American ruling classes, and were deliberately trying to delay the truce negotiations. The real purpose of Alexander's mission was to save the Syngman Rhee regime and to prepare with the American imperialists for an extension of the Korean war.

Another view of this press conference was presented by another Moscow commentator, who asserted that the Americans were

demanding more British soldiers for their war in Korea. Two more battalions were sent off not long ago, and now preparations are being made to hurl British airmen into the fire. The Minister of Defence, Lord Alexander, told a press conference the other day that the United States Eighth Army was to get bigger reinforcements. 'Britain', he added, 'is sending soldiers to Korea but she is denied any part in settling political questions there'.

A Peking home service broadcast a comment that the recent visit of Lord Alexander was due to the 'growing concern of the British people towards the Korean situation' and that the present negotiations plainly showed which side wanted to drag out the truce talks indefinitely.

The shooting down of a Swedish aircraft by Soviet fighters over the Baltic caused a stir in the west, especially in the French press. The Communist *L'Humanité* accused the Swedish Government of indulging in 'odious provocations' against the Soviet Union, and suggested that a deliberate violation of Soviet air space had taken place. The newspaper went on to say:

Let us remember too that at this moment a spy trial is being held in Sweden following the American example, and that the Government is thus anxious for an anti-Soviet diversion.

This accusation produced a violent reaction in the Paris paper *Le Figaro*, which commented thus on *L'Humanité*'s observations:

L'Humanité has been lashing out at the pro-American clique in Sweden, by which it means the thousands of Swedish citizens who joined in a spontaneous demonstration in front of the Soviet embassy. Every day the Kremlin holds up to the execration of the masses some 'clique' of Trotskyists, Titoists, Fascists, colonialists, socialists, reactionaries, of Americans. The regime which boasts of equality nevertheless draws a distinction between two social groups, the Communists and the 'clique'. Thank goodness, the clique is large, very large, larger from day to day. Here the clique consists of all Frenchmen who do not accept the orders of the party, who have no wish to make war on Russia, but who equally do not wish to wake up one bad morning with a Cossack outside the door.

Did You Hear That?

CORPORATION PLATE

In ORDER to foster the craft of the gold and silversmith about 300 pieces of plate belonging to corporations and boroughs all over England and Wales are being shown together for the first time on record by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. VALENTINE SELSEY, describing some of the 'things he saw, in 'Radio Newsreel', said: 'Nearly 110 boroughs and corporations have sent their swords and their maces, their wine cups and their punch-bowls, their candlesticks, snuff boxes and oars. The oars are a symbol of the former jurisdiction of certain corporations over the waters within and round their towns. There is a tiny gilt oar, just about a foot long, from Chester, where the mayor holds the title of Admiral of the River Dee. There is a three-foot oar from Dover engraved with an anchor, the badge of the Admiralty of the Cinque Ports; and there is the oar from Lostwithiel, symbol of the former jurisdiction of the corporation over the waters of the river "from the mouth up the furthest point that a pair of oxen might be driven up the bed".

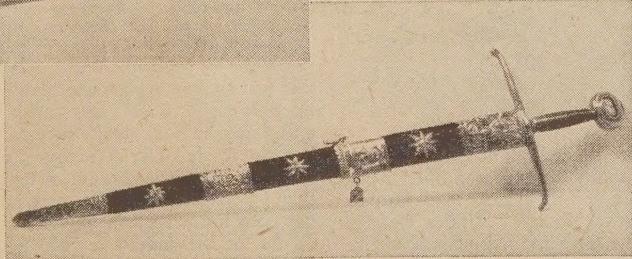
'The maces, of course, are exhibited in plenty, from the earliest ones dating back to the time when they were weapons of war, and



On view at the Goldsmiths' Hall, London. Above: five gallon punch-bowl (1685) presented to Stamford Corporation by Charles Bertie, Stamford's member of parliament in 1685. Right: oldest piece in the exhibition is the mourning sword, made for Bristol Corporation in 1373, and last used in the ceremonial at the death of King George VI

when they were used to keep the crowds in order as the mayor's procession went by. These in general are small maces, rather like a policeman's truncheon, and very manageable. There is a late fifteenth century one from Shaftesbury, bearing, amongst other emblems, the arms of the Benedictine abbey in the town. This is most unusual; the reason is probably that it was the prerogative of the abbey to appoint the mayors of Shaftesbury during the Middle Ages. As the years and the centuries go by, the maces become larger and more ornamental, till we get the largest mace of the exhibition, five foot three inches long, from Winchester.

'The swords form possibly the most spectacular section of the exhibition. The Bristol sword of mourning, a straight, double-edged blade in a scabbard covered with black velvet with bands of silver gilt embossed with skulls and crossbones is the oldest sword in the exhibition, and dates back to 1373, when Edward the Third granted a charter to the city of Bristol. Then there is the Pearl Sword of the city of London with its scabbard covered with tiny pearls, that are a relatively modern addition to the sword, which was presented to the city by Queen Elizabeth I when she opened the Royal Exchange in 1570.



'And finally the cups and the punch-bowls: Stamford Corporation have provided a punch-bowl capable of holding five gallons of liquor, and bearing the saying, "He who fails in his cups fails in everything". And Denbigh, Ruthin and Oswestry have sent three standing cups made of silver from the Welsh silver mines of Cardiganshire, and Richmond, in Yorkshire, have offered a wine cup presented to the corporation in 1606 by Robert Willans to commemorate his escape when the horse he was riding fell over a 250-foot precipice.'

BIRDS THAT PECK WINDOWS

R. S. FITTER, in 'Woman's Hour' recently, discussed the reason why small birds would sometimes tap at window panes for hours. 'One man, in Cheshire', he said, 'took the trouble to count a sparrow hitting the window pane 1,188 times during twenty-five minutes. The birds that perform these remarkable antics are mostly sparrows and chaffinches, but robins will also peck at windows, and so, rather surprisingly, will grey wagtails. It was a grey wagtail that was responsible for the earliest instance of a bird pecking a window that I have yet come across. This was in the early months of 1843, when a gentleman living at Stratford-on-Avon visited a friend in Worcestershire and found that one of these "elegant little Wagtails", as he put it, was in the habit of darting against the panes of the drawing-room window.'

'But perhaps the most interesting episode connected with a bird pecking at windows is the one related by David Garnett in a book called *The Essential T. E. Lawrence* that was published last year. About a month before his fatal accident, Lawrence wrote to a friend from Clouds Hill, his Dorset home: "The cottage has become quiet now, except for a beastly tit, which flutters up and down one window-pane for six hours a day. First I thought he was a bird-pressman, trying to get a story; then a narcissist, admiring his figure in the glass. Now I think he is just mad and know him to be a nuisance. If he goes on into next week I shall open the window some day and wring his silly neck".

'Quite simply, it is its own reflection that the bird gets excited about. But it attacks the image because it thinks it is a rival, not because it does not like the look of its own face. Almost all small birds, we now know, have an acute sense of what naturalists call territory, which may

perhaps be more simply described as their own cabbage patch. In the spring, cock birds will defend their cabbage patches with great vigour against all comers of their own species, but especially against other cocks. Do not ask me why they do it—one of the fiercest arguments among bird experts when they get together is whether or not the value of territory is to ensure a food supply for the young birds. But you can imagine what a cock chaffinch or wagtail feels when, having

selected its territory, or cabbage patch, another cock appears in it. You can see what happens for yourself any day in the spring by simply putting up a mirror on the lawn. Normally when two cock birds engage in a territorial dispute, there is a mock battle for a minute or two, and then one of them flies away. But of course a reflection will not fly away, and as most birds are persevering creatures, especially when they think their cabbage patches are being invaded, the situation can become very tiresome for the poor humans who live in the room. The only consolation I can offer you is that it will not go on all the year, as the territorial instinct with most birds ends with the nesting season'.

RIDDLES FOR ALCHEMISTS

Standing in an overgrown garden off one of the busiest street markets in Rome are the ruins of a building where an alchemist spent his life trying to make gold. In 'Eye-witness' CHRISTOPHER SERPELL described what he found there. 'Among these inconspicuous ruins', he said, 'there survives a stone doorway, and on the lintel, doorposts and doorstep there are inscribed a series of mysterious signs and Latin

inscriptions which, according to long tradition, reveal the secret of how to make gold to anyone who can unravel their meaning.

'Legend says that the nobleman himself never did solve the secret, but that one morning he met in his gardens a mysterious stranger who was collecting herbs. The stranger explained that he was a fellow alchemist, and on being admitted to the nobleman's laboratory he put his herbs through various chemical processes with the result that at the end of the experiment they were converted into stalks and leaves of pure gold. The stranger remained some time, enjoying the nobleman's hospitality and, presumably, paying for it, and the run of his laboratory was put at his disposal. But he never revealed his real secret.'

'Then he suddenly disappeared, leaving inscribed on the doorway of the laboratory the symbols and inscriptions which are still visible today. At the top of the doorway there are two superimposed triangles, like a Star of David, and two circular inscriptions round their central point. The inner one says in Latin, "Centre in a Triangle of Centres", and the outer one says, "Three things are marvellous, God and man, mother and maid, three and one". Underneath the triangles there is an inscription apparently in Hebrew lettering, and underneath that another in Latin which says "The Hesperian serpent guards the entrance to the magic gardens, and Jason would not have tasted the sweets of Colchis without the help of Hercules". Then down the doorposts on either side there is a series of symbols of which seem to be signs used by ancient alchemists to denote the various chemical elements. Underneath one, which seems to represent lead, is a Latin inscription which means, "When black crows in your house bring forth white doves, then you will be called a wise man". Under the symbol for iron, the writing says, "He who knows how to burn water and wash fire makes Heaven out of the earth and precious earth out of Heaven". Under the sign for copper it says, "If you can make the earth fly over your head like feathers you will change the water of the torrents into rock".

'There are other symbols which I have not been able to identify, and some inscriptions which are damaged by wear and tear. One of the most mysterious says, "Our son that was dead is alive and he has returned from the fire and he rejoices in a secret wedding". And finally on the doorstep, there is a very complicated sign and an inscription which means, "It is the secret task of the wise man to open up the earth in order that he may plant salvation for the people". I cannot solve the riddle myself, but I hope I have given enough of it to be a clue to some modern alchemist'.

UNDERWATER TELEVISION

'The possibilities of television under water created a great deal of interest last year after the search for the wreck of H.M. Submarine *Affray*', said Mr. W. R. STAMP of the Royal Naval Scientific Service in 'Science Survey', because, as he went on to say, 'lying 280 feet below the surface of the English Channel, the *Affray* was first identified with improvised television equipment built at the Admiralty Research Laboratory. Since then a considerable amount of research has been

done and we now know the possibilities and limitations of this new medium and in what direction improvement is desirable.'

'The whole problem of vision under water is rather like that of seeing through a fog, and there are three factors that govern visibility. First the light is scattered or diffused by the water molecules themselves.

Secondly, the light may be scattered and obstructed by solid particles suspended in the water, either particles like silt or sand, or by the myriads of minute plants and animals floating in the water, collectively known as plankton. In all but the clearest water this scattering by large particles is the most serious obstacle to vision. Lastly the light may simply be absorbed without scattering. This only happens to any great extent in waters where there is a natural yellow dye, which is probably organic in origin and is partly responsible for the green colour of some coastal waters. The distance one can see through the water does not depend in any way on the depth at which one is operating, unless, of course, natural daylight is being used as the sole illuminant. Clear water is just as likely to be found a thousand feet down as near the surface.'

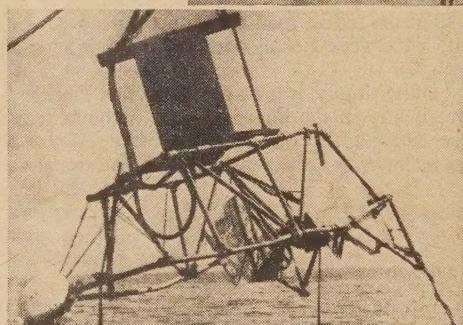
'It is in wreck survey and during diving operations that so far we have had most experience. Used on its own the television camera can work deeper than a diver and for longer periods even than an observation chamber. It also involves no risk of life. And as the picture is presented directly to the salvage experts on the surface, they get a much more accurate assessment of the condition of the wreck than they did from a diver's description. This same direct presentation makes the problem of manoeuvring salvage grabs or other devices relatively simple because by operating them in the field of view of the camera they can be placed with surprising ease. Seeing this done is a fascinating experience. The sense of intimacy is so great that it is difficult to believe

Above: a camera, with built-in facilities for changing lenses, focus and aperture by remote control, forms part of a new underwater television unit ready for lowering over the side of H.M.S. *Reclaim*. Left: improvised underwater television equipment used for finding H.M.S. *Affray* last year

that you are looking at something hundreds of feet below the sea surface. For inspecting ships' hulls below water line without dry docking and examining harbour works such as dock gates, the television position is less promising. The difficulty is of course the muddy waters of most harbours. But it is the use of underwater television as a research tool that I personally find the most intriguing. Direct visual methods have not been much used in physical oceanography up to the present.'

'As for the underwater television camera itself—so far, and we are now building our fifth underwater casing—we have used cameras similar to those used by the B.B.C. for outside broadcasts. The watertight and pressure-resistant casing to house these cameras, at any rate at moderate depths, presents no really difficult problems, but they do demand sound engineering and common sense. The cable to link the camera with the surface has also proved no great difficulty. Neither, rather to our surprise, has the handling and direction of the camera under water. But the bulk and shape of these cameras tends to produce an unwieldy casing, if designed for operation at great depths, and in a less well-equipped ship than *Reclaim* this very large and heavy equipment might prove difficult to handle.'

'The chief optical problem is to provide a wide angle of view, which is required because of the limited visibility and consequent closeness of the camera to its subject. Simply to place the camera lens behind a flat glass watertight window restricts the angle of vision in water considerably because of refraction effects. We have tried to overcome this by using a spherically curved window, the so-called "fish-eye" lens, but we gave it up because of the practical disadvantages. A better method is to have a flat window which is easy to make, mount, and make watertight and to use specially designed camera lenses behind it'.



Tributes to Sir Desmond MacCarthy

I—By SIR MAX BEERBOHM

MOST of you will, at one time and another, have heard the voice of Desmond MacCarthy on the air, and, having heard it, will remember the charm of it, the enduring intimacy of it. It was essentially chamber music; one rather wondered that anything so gentle could be carrying so far and wide. I always felt that Desmond was in the room with me, with me and one or two other listeners only.

But if he had been, the chances were that he would have interrupted himself in his dulcet flow by bringing one into the conversation. Eager talker though he was, he was an equally keen listener, a great educer of talk from other people. He would sit, leaning far forward, a picture of receptivity, very often murmuring pensively 'I see, I see'. He was also a great user of that attractive, that beguiling phrase, 'And, tell me . . .' This habit of his may have been partly due to the Irish wish to please, but mainly, I think, it came of sheer modesty, sheer good fellowship. All but a few of the best talkers I have heard were Irishmen, and of them all Desmond, I think, was the one who, because he was more interested in other people than in himself, gave the greatest pleasure and was the most sought after by the greatest number of householders.

He was one of the leading lights in the salon of Virginia and Leonard Woolf, and I remember being told by her of the stratagem that had been practised in order that, for once, Desmond's talk should not be unpreserved and unrecorded. On a certain evening, behind a door screen in the drawing-room, a professional stenographer was installed. This was beknown to all the frequenters of the salon except, of course, Desmond. And Desmond was in his very best form. But Virginia Woolf admitted the typescript was a disappointment. Without the inflections of the voice, without the accompanying gestures and changes of facial expression, how could it have been otherwise? Readers of memoirs and diaries of social life in London of the early years of the nineteenth century will have come across many an account of Tom Moore at the piano after this or that dinner party, singing his Irish ballads and causing thrills of emotion among all the ladies and gentlemen. Of course, a gramophone record of his performance would not have had that effect. Tom Moore himself had to be there, with his own magnetism. Desmond, too, was magnetic as are all good talkers: certain rays forthcome from them.

Talk was Desmond's natural medium for expression. In writing, he never acquired self-confidence and facility. Writing was always to him a task, and rather a terror, and that is, perhaps, the reason why he wrote so splendidly well. He had always to do his very best. Sometimes I regretted that he had been destined to write mostly about books, for I have always been less greatly interested in books than in human beings. I had not one whit of Desmond's scholarship, whereas Desmond's instinct for human life and character was impassioned and unerring, and I delighted most of all in his portrayals of men known to him, such as Samuel Butler and Mr. Asquith and Mr. Henry James. How vividly they live in the pages he devoted to them—as vividly as he himself abides and will abide always in my memory, talking as only he could, and trying, from time to time, to efface himself with the words 'And, tell me . . .', and 'I see, I see'.

II—By E. M. FORSTER

I HAVE NOT MANY recollections of the early Desmond MacCarthy, but fortunately I can clearly remember the first time we met. It was about fifty years ago, in Cambridge, and at one of those little discussion-societies which are constantly being born and dying inside the framework of the university. They still continue, I am glad to say, and I know that he too would be glad.

This particular society was called the Apennines. Its invitation-card displayed a range of mountains, and there was also a pun involved, upon which I will not expatiate. I had to read a paper to the Apennines, then I was pulled to pieces, and among my critics was a quiet, dark young man with a charming voice and manner, who sat rather far back in the room, and who for all his gentleness knew exactly what he

wanted to say, and in the end how to say it. That was my first impression of him, and I may say it is my last impression also. The young man became an old one and a famous one, but he remained charming and gentle, he always knew his own mind, and he always sat rather far back in the room. Compare him in this respect with that trenchant critic Mr. So-and-So, or with that chatty columnist Sir Somebody Something, who always manage to sit well in front. I do not think it was modesty on Desmond's part that made him retiring. He just knew where he wanted to be. Some years after the Apennines, when he was doing literary journalism, he chose for a pseudonym the name 'Affable Hawk'. Nothing could have been more apt. He was affable to his fellow writers, whenever possible. But if a book was shallow or bumptious or brutal, then down pounced the hawk, and the victim's feathers flew.

He and I were always friendly and I stayed with him in Suffolk in those far-off days, and elsewhere later on, but all my vivid memories of him are in a group with other people. So let us now move from Cambridge to London. There, in the early years of this century, I remember a peculiar organisation which had been formed for the purpose of making Desmond write his novel. He wanted to write his novel. He could talk his novel—character, plot, incidents, all were fascinating: I recall a green valley in Wales where a famous picture had got hidden: but he could not get his novel on to paper. So some of his friends thought that if a society was formed at which we all wrote novels and read a fresh chapter aloud at each meeting, Desmond would be reluctantly dragged down the path of creation. Needless to say, he eluded so crude a device. Other people wrote their novels—which usually began well and fell to bits in the second chapter. He—he had forgotten, he had mislaid the manuscript, he had not the time. And he did not write his novel. And after the first world war the group was reconstituted: not to write novels but to write reminiscences.

Here Desmond was supreme. 'Memory', he often said, 'is an excellent compositor'. And in the midst of a group which included Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, and Maynard Keynes, he stood out in his command of the past, and in his power to rearrange it. I remember one paper of his in particular—if it can be called a paper. Perched away in a corner of Duncan Grant's studio, he had a suit-case open before him. The lid of the case, which he propped up, would be useful to rest his manuscript upon, he told us. On he read, delighting us as usual, with his brilliancy, and humanity, and wisdom, until—owing to a slight wave of his hand—the suit-case unfortunately fell over. Nothing was inside it. There was no paper. He had been improvising.

III—By V. S. PRITCHETT

WE HAVE OFTEN been warned against meeting our favourite writers: the private personality so often turns out to be astonishingly different from the face they show us in their printed work. But this was not so in the case of Desmond MacCarthy; there was no split in him; his articles were a continuation of his life and above all of his conversation. The soft, warm, idling yet well-measured voice that one heard in conversation or in broadcast, which chose the simplest words and made the clearest distinctions, was exactly what one found in his printed criticism. The tone of voice was neither higher nor lower in life than it was in writing. He was clear because he was certain; and certainty is a great pleasure to the reader when, as in MacCarthy's writing, it is freed from dogmatism by good manners. He was not one of those who, he once said, 'like the cuttlefish, discharge a cloud of ink to get away from his meaning'.

There are many kinds of critics. MacCarthy has told us that he idled into literary journalism when he was young as a not too exacting way of reading the whole of literature at leisure. He was not academic. He had no theoretical apparatus. He belonged to no school. He did not feel that partiality and obsession which writers of creative imagination generally bring to literature. He was too dilatory to write a set book. He had the sociable genius of his Irish blood, at its highest, and he valued literature, as a sociable man will, mostly for its power to illuminate human character and life, and for the sharpening of our apprehension of experience. In describing his own approach to

literature, he said he tried 'to advance to a knoll or terrace which almost everyone'—I repeat *almost everyone*—'would use to get a general panorama of an author'.

But who was 'almost everyone'? We can, I think, make a guess if we say that MacCarthy was almost the last of what we must call the gentleman critics, the cultivated man of private means who began to write in 1900, when there was a large educated public of liberal mind, and who could rely on the liberal assumptions about both literature and society. What obtrudes, what is ill-mannered, what is very unorthodox, fashionable, or outside the middle of the stream, was likely to come in for a short, sharp rap. Literature for him was the library, not the forge; it was the reader's rather than the writer's world. It was the inheritance which feeds the spiritual life of reasonable delight; it was less certainly the new fortune we hope to make in the future.

In saying this I hope I shall not be misunderstood. When he looked at the writers of the 'twenties, and even more those of the 'thirties, he found inevitably much that was ill-mannered, experimental, revolutionary, and prone to theories which he deeply suspected. He expounded with the impartiality of a judge, but his final judgment was that of a sociable man who regretted the loss of amenity. Yet these judgments were not those of the dead hand; they came from the fervour of an experienced, and adventurous, liberal mind. Moderation did not mean loss of poetic intuition; no one responded more to the ecstatic and the poetic imagination. But he always 'checked up' with life, so to speak, before being carried away by literature. For example, he admired Proust, but as a humanist he felt bound to point out the points at which Proust failed the deepest, common human feeling. He is always fundamental. Cleverness is abhorrent. Simply, without raising his beautifully modulated voice, he clears up the muddle or obscurity in our minds. He was unruffled by the great subject and he was unpretentious about the small ones. He had the very calming gift of a sense of proportion.

MacCarthy had known Ruskin, Meredith, Butler, James, and has drawn their portraits without obtruding his own brilliance upon theirs. Indeed, before any portrait he subdued himself and behaved with reserve. A man of the world, one of the finest raconteurs of his generation, he excelled in the portraits of people who were involved in life. One thinks of his portraits of men like Asquith, his great friend, or Balfour. Certainly there are frontiers which the man of the world, however adventurous his spirit, does not cross. MacCarthy did not seem to care for mysticism; he disliked the difficult kind of modern poetry and preferred those modern poets who followed the traditional modes; he did not care in his time for the new worlds offered by Wells and Shaw, and he mistrusted that part of contemporary criticism which looks to the sources of literature in society or in psychological motive. He was—it is often so in the superb talkers—a deeply intuitive impressionist. He was above all, in the eighteenth-century use of the word, a sensible man.

IV—By PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

DESMOND MACCARTHY was the epitome of the best kind of audience; the ideal theatregoer, so to say: not an adjudicator awarding marks on some academic basis of judgment, merciless to what failed to square with his prejudices about style or technique (he was, I think, too little interested in technique in some ways). And, of course, he was lucky, free to write at length about what he liked, not dulling his talent on the third-rate or cramping it in telephone boxes spelling out snap judgments at curtain-fall. But—this is the important thing—the response, the creative, imaginative act of his criticism—operated in the theatre, immediately, not at his desk as an afterthought. And into that sharing, that 'feeling-with' the play and players, went an original, creative, imaginative effort on his part often as great as, sometimes I fancy greater than, the effort even of the playwright or the player.

He had the opinions of his time, of course (he came out strong once, making me jump, about 'modern art' which he disliked), but he never set up as a champion of standards as such, nor played the professional conservative *laudator temporis acti* (the usual trap for the critic who is a bore). Nor was he ever the kind of critic who seems to say, 'Here I am in the theatre, and how immensely interesting that must be for you!' He went, as I said, as the most interested member of the audience, simply; with no axe to grind (save the cause of the human heart); and he would lift each performance anew to his bright eye and see if the playwright and players were seeing 'eye to eye' with him about it.

Was it true (as Desm^{ond} MacCarthy saw truth), and if not was the deviation from truth justified for theatrical reasons? Nothing led him away from that crucial question; he was not led into excited descriptions of acting (one does not turn to him for the graphic magic which sets a dead actor strutting the boards once more): he was never led away—as A. B. Walkley sometimes was—by those fancy parallels which start by illuminating a 'notice' but sometimes, for neatness' sake, end in untrue criticism; he was never led away (as even C. E. Montague was sometimes) by a splendid phrase which was 'too good not to use'; and he never used dramatic criticism as a veiled criticism of life. Rather, he used life to criticise the theatre. It was that clear, undistracted eye (undistracted because without vanity) which could spot the flaw in an Ibsen hero, in Bernard Shaw's Caesar (a brave man to do that), and, bravest of all, in St. Joan. Intensely moved by the trial scene, he could still detect the false note (as he insisted) in Shaw's heroine's Words-worthian outburst about larks and lambs. Undistracted—I call that the mark of a great critic.

V—By C. V. WEDGWOOD

FOR SEVERAL YEARS Sir Desmond MacCarthy was President of the English Centre of the International P.E.N.—a task which he admirably fulfilled and which I believe he really enjoyed; at least, he always behaved as if he enjoyed it. It brought him into touch with so many different people of different ages, different interests, different nations. What a genial, civilised figure he was at international congresses! About a year ago Sir Desmond's health prevented him from carrying on the task of President of the English Centre, but he still came to P.E.N. gatherings whenever he could. One of my last memories is of his taking the chair at the meeting for the centenary of George Moore. It was only a few weeks ago; we all hoped and believed that, after his illness of the winter, he was really better again. He gave us—with an occasional, round, comprehensive gesture of his right hand, with that inimitable tilt of the dark eyebrows—a picture of George Moore as he had known him. And it seemed truly as though he had called up the presence of George Moore from the past and projected him to those of us who had never seen him.

He could do that: it was a mingling of natural artistry, of a fluent gift for words, and of a power of memory warmed through and through by his own lively and deep affections. I wish that it were possible to make him live again in that way. There is his writing, undestroyed. But the smile, the tone of voice, the unexpected, buoyant phrases, the courteous wisdom—these live only in our memories.

I do not remember exactly when I first met Sir Desmond MacCarthy. I must have been a very young writer indeed—ten? eleven? certainly not as much as twelve. Somehow, of course, I skilfully evaded parental supervision, and thrust my latest manuscript into his hand. At that point, my treacherous memory grows vague; what was said, what happened next, I do not know. But I can see clearly still the expression of his face—the eyebrows raised suddenly, the smile, amazed, amused, but wonderfully courteous.

He was already one of our most distinguished critics. In the generation which has gone by since that meeting many other young writers must have come to him with their books, or their problems, or both. Few critics can have been at once as kind and as wise as he was. He never uttered the easy, consoling, misleading word of empty commendation in order to get rid of the importunate. He never yielded to the natural temptation to demolish a troublesome or arrogant person with a stinging shaft of wit. Perhaps he never even had that temptation. He was attentive, he was thoughtful, he was just. He was also modest: that modesty of an older generation, aware at once of the value and of the limitation of learning. He pretended to no all-embracing knowledge, though he might have done so, because his reading was wide and his wisdom deep; and he came of an age which believed in the value of comprehensive knowledge and wide understanding in a way which has been lost to the present generation of specialists.

He used to say that he never answered letters. But very few writers are methodical correspondents. When a subject interested him, or when an idea crossed his mind which he thought might interest a friend, he would write off at once—on all sorts of subjects: a biographical question about Bishop King, the poet, political propaganda in the Great Civil War, the origins of English shorthand—brief, exhilarating, very often extremely fruitful suggestions, and how warmly flattering to the young writers who received them.—*From talks in the Home Service*

Englishmen's Castles

Lumley Castle, County Durham

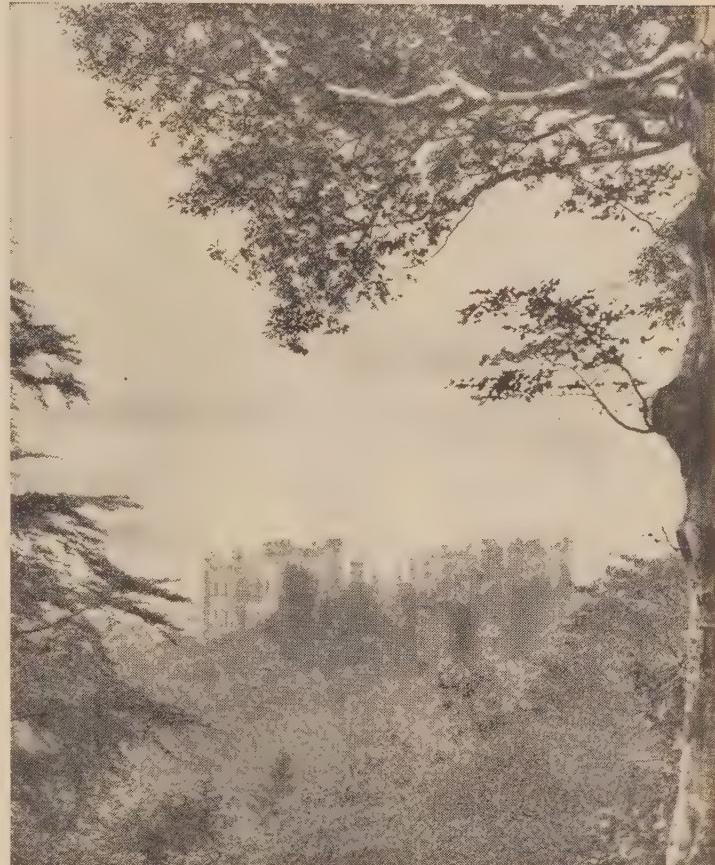
By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

IN Camden's *Britannia* you can read: 'From thence the river Ware passeth by Lumley Castle standing within a park, the ancient seat of the Lumeleis who descended from Liulph, a man in this tract of right great nobility in the time of King Edward the Confessor . . . Of these Lumeleis Marmaduke assumed unto him his mother's coat of arms (in whose right he was seized of a goodly inheritance of the Thwengs) . . . But Ralph, sonne to the said Marmaduke was the first Baron Lumley, created by King Richard the Second . . . which honour John the Ninth from him enjoyed in our daies, a man most honourable for all the ornament of true nobility'.

'In our days', says Camden: that means at the time of Queen Elizabeth. And Ralph Lumley was made a baron in the time of Richard II. That gives us our *dramatis personae*, and our two principal dates. In 1389, and again in 1392, Sir Ralph Lumley obtained what is called a licence to crenellate, that is permission from the Bishop of Durham and then from the King to build a fortified house, and about 1580 or so John Lord Lumley made a number of remarkable alterations.

A fortified house: that is indeed what you see when you approach Lumley Castle. It rises, sand-coloured, broad-towered, and foursquare, above the plentiful old trees of what Camden calls the park. These thick woods are not what you may connect in your minds with County Durham, but they are characteristic of the valley of the river Wear, and even more of the narrow, steeply cut-in valleys of the smaller becks—what they call locally 'dene'. So there is the castle, no longer a stockade on a mound as no doubt Liulph's had been some time before the Norman Conquest, nor any longer a tall keep with a few buildings scattered around as the Normans built their castles, but a solid massive house with ranges of rooms on two floors on the four sides of a quadrangular courtyard. It is a fortress as well—and up in that border country it had to be. But, even so, there is in the symmetry of that layout a new sense of order and comeliness which had grown in England in the course of the fourteenth century. Harlech, a castle of Edward I, built late in the thirteenth century, had been the first in Britain designed on a regular symmetrical plan; Bodiam in Sussex, which is contemporary with Lumley, is perhaps the best-known example of the symmetrical courtyard castle.

The most impressive thing about Lumley is its mighty angle



Lumley Castle, 'sand-coloured, broad-towered, and foursquare, above the plentiful old trees'. Below, the Great Hall



projections. They are too broad to be called towers, although they are heavily buttressed like towers, and raised like towers, and crowned by little turrets yet a little higher. To gain access to the castle you had to pass through a gatehouse, protected by a portcullis. Only after negotiating that would you stand in the courtyard facing the Great Hall, a substantial courtyard measuring about seventy-five feet square. It is now turfed and has some lovely laburnum trees which look delicious, with their fine leaves and yellow blossom, against the background of solid masonry on all sides. In the Middle Ages the courtyard was no doubt cobbled or paved otherwise. Nature was not allowed in such a place of common concourse. The entrance to the Great Hall is opposite the gatehouse and, like the gatehouse, accentuated by two turrets, left and right of the rather low doorway. It is low because it leads only into a vaulted undercroft, whereas the hall itself lies on the upper floor.

The hall was the chief apartment in all medieval castles and manor houses. It was larger than any other room, had larger windows, and contained at one end the high table for the lord and his family and at the other the doorways to the buttery and pantry and the passage to the kitchen. At Lumley the original kitchen is still there, a very large room that goes up through two floors and has three huge fire-

places—a rare survival from so early a date. And a rare survival the hall is as well, though it has been much altered inside. That it is elevated to the first floor we do not notice much now, because, seen from the outside of the castle, the undercroft becomes a basement and the first floor no more than a raised ground floor, accessible by a Georgian staircase. On that side the windows also are now Georgian and a Georgian doorway has been put in. In Sir Ralph's time the castle had to be cut off entirely from the outer world.

These Georgian alterations are due to the greatest of English eighteenth-century architects, Sir John Vanbrugh. We have sufficient documentary evidence to prove that, and one room altered about 1720 or 1725 and known as the Library bears the hallmark of his inimitable style. Vanbrugh was the great defender of the robust, the masculine, the Cyclopic, in an age of gentility and rationalism. He loved the Middle Ages and he loved the rough north.

In one of his letters, as lively as most of his letters are, he contrasts it with the 'tame sneaking south of England'. That letter was written in August 1721, apropos of his work in designing and building Seton Delaval in Northumberland, his most tremendous building, and it is here also that he refers to Lumley Castle as 'a noble thing'. He would have liked the virile strength of these medieval walls and crenellations; for he was the first architect to feel a real delight in the Middle Ages and to try and give—I am quoting from another letter—'something of a Castle Air' to houses he designed and the smaller buildings in their grounds. At Lumley, if the attribution of the library to him is correct, he certainly tried to emulate the Middle Ages, even if he did not imitate them. For the only enrichment of this plain apartment is two rows of square pillars built up of crazily oversized blocks laid in alternating directions and with their angles bevelled or chamfered or canted so as to give the effect of some gargantuan diamond-cutting. It looks oddly primeval and is, as far as I know, unique in England.

But now, after this digression, we must turn to our second principal character; after Sir Ralph Lumley of the late fourteenth century to John Lord Lumley of the late sixteenth. Lord Lumley was a remarkable man, not so much because of the intrigues over Mary Queen of Scots and the Roman faith in which he was involved, as because of a curious romantic *pensant* he had for the age of chivalry. I said that Vanbrugh was the first architect to delight in the Middle Ages. That may be so; but my explorations of Elizabethan buildings and documents in the last few years have made it increasingly certain to me that in those years already there existed a kind of mediævalism. You know it from Elizabethan tournaments, and the Queen's Progresses with their pageants. For instance, at Whitsun 1581 they played Beleaguering the Castle of Perfect Beauty, and amongst the actors was Philip Sidney. Moreover, the Earl of Cumberland, Queen's Challenger from 1587, called himself the Knight of Pendragon Castle, and Spenser in the introduction to the Shepherd's Calendar is proud of using, as he says, 'ancient solemn words . . . long time out of use'.

Lord Lumley must, in just that mood, have considered it extremely pleasurable to reminisce about his ancestors and make up a past to fill in the gaps. To see proofs of that I must invite you to leave Lumley and walk a mile or two across the river into the little town of Chester-le-Street. Here in the church, filling the left-hand aisle, lie the Lumleys, from Liulph onwards. To fit all the effigies in they have to be content with rather a narrow space. They lie two deep in a long row as in a tube shelter, and so tight is the space that some

had to have their feet cut off. This Procrustean discipline was imposed on them by Lord Lumley who placed them there.

All this would be well and good and proper, if the monuments were the real article. But they are not. Only three of the fourteen are medieval, and even they do not necessarily belong to Chester-le-Street; already Camden in 1586 tells us that Lord Lumley had 'either gotten [them] together out of monasteries, that were subverted, or caused to be made anew'. So these effigies are partly medieval—some, for instance, are said to have been taken out of the former cemetery along the side of Durham Cathedral—and partly Elizabethan in imitation of the Middle Ages. Only in that way could Lord Lumley display his whole unbroken lineage, starting with Liulph, going on to Uchred, to Sir Marmaduke, to Ralph the first Baron, and so on to Lord Lumley's father who died in the thirty-sixth year of King Henry VIII.

It is a curious mentality behind this show of faked ancestors; it must have been as much a matter of playing at Middle Ages as of genealogical pride. That Lord Lumley had a vast amount of genealogical pride is certain from his chief contribution to Lumley Castle, to which we can now return. The castle itself was there, as hoary and baronial-looking as he could desire. He altered windows to let more light in, put a new fireplace into the hall and a delicious lavabo or hand wash-basin of white marble and touch, that is black marble, and adorned by a pelican, that bird of symbolical meaning, which the sculptors made so much more graceful than he really is when you look at him in the zoo. But, more than that, he covered the whole sheer space of the outer wall above the entrance to the hall and between the turrets with a display of eighteen shields of arms; again to show the venerable age and connections of his family. A Latin inscription comments: 'In the monuments of the distant past, the curious eye is a bad judge'—and so Lord Lumley helped it with his instructive bits of family history.

As our final confirmation we have an inventory of Lord Lumley's belongings at Lumley Castle as well as his London and Surrey houses. It was published by Miss Milner in 1904 and contains again portraits of sixteen ancestors, apart from portraits of other curious people whom you may not expect to find about in Elizabethan England: Julius II, for instance, the pope for whom Raphael and Michelangelo worked, Dante and Petrarch, Boccaccio and Ariosto, Chaucer and St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits—apart from all the furnishings: the ninety-five Turkey carpets, the eighty upholstered stools, the ninety-five livery beds, the five virginals, thirteen violins and twelve viols, the twenty-five tables of walnut and marquetry and so on. In the hall of Lumley Castle, we hear in another inventory a few years later, there were two long tables, a deer's head that came out of Ireland, nineteen old emperor's heads of Rome, and a written table called the Theatre of the World—whatever that may have been.

However, no inventory can make the atmosphere of the past come to life again, especially if an atmosphere of the present has superseded it. And at Lumley that atmosphere is full of vitality; for the castle is now a residential hostel of the University of Durham, and plenty of young and eager people are always about.

—Home Service



West side of the courtyard

Photographs: Country Life

Lumley Castle is normally open to the public from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, but it is closed at certain periods for staff holidays.

The Nature of Scientific Theory—II

Natural History and Natural Philosophy

By STEPHEN TOULMIN

I HAVE spoken so far about the contrast between science as it is done and science as logicians commonly talk about it. In order to show the nature of this contrast I pointed to three things in particular. These were, first, the fact that logicians put into scientists' mouths questions the scientists never have occasion to ask, such as 'how probable is this law?'; secondly, the fact that logicians demand that all observations shall be repeated a large number of times—something scientists would think a terrible waste of time; and thirdly, the fact that logicians habitually treat scientific discovery as though it were a sort of inference, to be labelled 'induction' and contrasted with the other sort that they call 'deduction'. Above all, I pointed out how many logicians think of science as an elaborate form of natural history, and scientific statements, however theoretical, as empirical generalisations. These divergences are all easy enough to notice, once you look. The surprising thing is that they have not been common knowledge for a long time.

White and Black Swans

Take any proposition in the theoretical sciences, and see if you can construe it as an empirical generalisation, that is, as a statement of the form, 'All S are P'. The standard example is, 'All swans are white'. This presumably got into circulation before the black swans of Western Australia were discovered. Whichever proposition you choose, you will get into difficulties. Take, for instance, the elementary principle in optics that light travels in straight lines: can this be construed in that way? Certainly not, for if it were meant that way we should have had to throw it out long ago; indeed, it would never have won a place in physics at all. We all know plenty of occasions on which light can be found deviating from a straight line—when it is reflected, refracted, scattered, and so on: these are far more common than black swans are. If the principle were a generalisation, this fact would be fatal to it, but actually it in no way robs the doctrine of its importance for physics.

If one asks how the principle was discovered and established, one again gets into difficulties. The arguments for accepting it are not just unlike the sort of inference logicians speak of as 'inductive inferences'—the sort they present scientists as dealing in. It is in fact quite impossible to present the discovery as an inference at all. Scientists have very good reasons for calling such things discoveries rather than inferences or conclusions. For inferences are drawn in accordance with rules, and the sorts of thing referred to in the conclusion of any inference are of the same kind as those appearing in the data or premises. This is so, whether the inference is deductive or inductive: whether it is like 'All Parisians are Frenchmen; M. Schuman is a Parisian; so M. Schuman is a Frenchman', or like the inference from a thousand records of swans being white and no contrary reports to the general conclusion that all swans are white.

Only because the terms in premises and conclusions are alike, can one hope to find formal rules governing the drawing of such inferences: otherwise one could not separate form from subject-matter. But when the principle that light travels in straight lines was put forward, people were presented, not with a novel generalisation stated in old, familiar language, but with a completely fresh set of ideas, and a novel way of looking at optical phenomena. They were not asked to consider the possibility that something of a familiar kind which had often been found to travel in straight lines and never to deviate from them, always did so: they were asked to look at the old phenomena of light and shade in a new way and think of them in new terms. The very word 'light', as it appears in the principle, is used in a novel way, different from that in which it figures in observational reports about, for instance, the distribution of light and shade on a screen. The light the physicist speaks of is not the familiar light which dapples the apples and lies in great pools across the lawn: his light does not lie around anywhere, but moves on at 186,000 miles a second. And the step from statements about light in the lying-around sense to light in the always-on-the-move sense is more than a rule-governed inference. Like all such steps, it introduces an essential novelty: novelty of a kind for which there is no room in

the field of inferences, that is, of arguments drawn in accordance with rules. I shall say more about this in a few minutes.

The question to ask first is, why empirical generalisations have so long held the field as a model for the analysis of scientific statements. I think there is a simple explanation of this. As I said, the chapters on induction and scientific method commonly occupy the second half of text-books on logic. By the time they come to be written, the student has already been introduced to the basic Aristotelian notions, to the distinction between particular and universal statements, to the syllogism, perhaps also to the more modern 'calculus of propositions' and to the formal equipment of twentieth-century symbolic logic. With all this behind him, how easy it must be for the logician sitting down to write about scientific method to try to preserve more of a continuity than is strictly possible. He must be sorely tempted to turn all this sophisticated and abstract machinery on to the analysis of science without more ado: it would be a great pity for him not to do so. This, anyway, is what seems to happen: the things about syllogisms and universal propositions from the first half of the book continually affect, and distort, the discussion of science in the second half. This is perhaps understandable. It would be so neat if one could prove that scientists were just doing an elaborate kind of syllogising. One can even understand how some logicians have come to talk as though, unless the sciences could be found a niche within the mansions of symbolic logic, they would have to be written off as 'illogical'.

This, however, is said only by way of extenuation. It does not alter the fact that the traditional accounts of scientific method, with their emphasis on universal empirical generalisations and the like, portray only the outer fringe of the sciences—natural history, that is, and certain elementary applications of science.

This is a serious criticism. Natural history is often felt by scientists to be called a science only by courtesy. It is a familiar way of belittling a subject to say of it that it is 'still in the natural history phase': in this way one implies that the subject cannot profitably be theorised about. Not for nothing were the theoretical sciences referred to for so long as 'natural philosophy'; and it is this distinction, between natural history and natural philosophy, that I shall talk about next.

The Naturalist's Approach

Why is natural history felt to be less than a fully-fledged science? What is it felt to lack? The deficiency can, I think, be stated in a number of ways; but they are all directed towards a common centre. To begin with, scientists would say, natural history is a matter for industry rather than for insight: 'mere bug-hunting' is the impolite way of putting it. This is the reverse side of a coin whose face we have already examined. The scientist does not just want to amass facts about the things around him: he wants to make sense of these facts, and for this purpose a single observation of a carefully selected kind is more revealing than any collection of nature-notes, however large. Again, the naturalist only describes the way he finds things happening; he does not try to explain them: explanation in this field is the province of the biological sciences. The naturalist's approach to his material is accordingly a superficial one, and he does not try to get behind the facts he reports. Furthermore, it will be said, he accepts the ordinary man's way of classifying the things around us, into cows, whales, trees, grass, clouds and the rest, and is content to ask what properties they are always found to have, what characteristics they share, and so on: all the sorts of things one would naturally analyse in the form 'All (or most) S are P'. This, it is suggested, is an unadventurous thing to do, and at best a prelude to real science, which gets behind the phenomena and gives us a fresh grasp and understanding of them.

Each of these criticisms is expressed in terms of a different metaphor: one complains that natural history is 'superficial', does not 'get behind' the facts, another that it gives us no real 'grasp', another that it does not 'reveal' the things true science does, gives us no 'in-sight'. But all these different metaphors hint at the same thing. Let me put this in my own way.

When we look for a theory to explain some set of phenomena, we are not asking to have fresh regularities, fresh generalisations pointed out to us: we are asking for fresh conceptions, in terms of which we can make sense of the phenomena we have already met and see how the regularities with which we are familiar come to be as they are. To ask only such things as: 'What properties have all or most things of a given kind in common?' is to go on thinking in the old terms; but we want to be able to look at the old phenomena in a new light, and so need to be given new questions to ask about them.

New Questions and New Ways of Arguing

To return to my previous example: when people first thought about light as a quasi-material something, travelling from the lamp or the sun to the illuminated object, they developed an entirely new conception of the nature and mechanism of optical phenomena. With this new conception there came new questions: questions like 'Where from? How fast? And by what path?'; and these, if you stop to think of it, are very odd questions to ask if all you are concerned with is lamps, shadows, eclipses and the like. With it there went also new ways of arguing, new ways of drawing inferences, of working out, trigonometrically or with diagrams, how deep a shadow a wall would cast at noon on a specified day, how to construct a sundial, and so on. People were no doubt led by the introduction of the new conceptions to perform experiments, but these were not designed to add a further few hundred readings to our record. They were performed in order to prove and try out the new way of looking at optics: to check, in carefully-chosen and typical situations, that the new conceptions lead one to expect the optical phenomena to be as they in fact are.

I think we can see now why the phrase 'natural philosophy' was used to refer to the theoretical sciences, and how aptly it points the contrast with natural history. It is the business of the naturalist to record, historically and accurately, the things that happen in the part of the world he has access to: when the first cuckoo calls, what the frogs live on, how much the late snows this year affected the fruit-blossom. There is no need for his reports to be expressed in technical terms, for he looks at the world with every man's eyes and speaks the same language; and his books may therefore end, like Gilbert White's, on many a literary bookshelf.

The theorist, by contrast, must not tie himself down irrevocably to the ordinary man's language or, what this reflects, his way of looking at things. He must be prepared to revise his conception of the things he is studying, and his way of talking about them along with it. Our everyday way of looking at these things, despite its practical merits, may not allow him to give the sort of connected picture of the facts it is his business to seek for; and if, for instance, he can do this by thinking of lamplight, shadows and eclipses as the effects of something travelling—even though, by all ordinary criteria, nothing at all may be travelling—then he must be prepared to do so. For this sort of work 'philosophy' is a much apter word than 'history'. Like the philosopher, the scientist is required, not so much to record the way things happen as time goes on, as to decide on the merits of different ways of thinking about these things: to compare and choose between different conceptions, different models and methods of computation, in a word, different theories.

What light does all this throw on the divergences I discussed last week? Does it help to show why logicians find it difficult to give a satisfactory account of the sciences in formal terms? I think it does. Recall the last of the three features I pointed to in my first talk: the fact that logicians try to analyse scientific discovery as a variety of inference. I suggested that this might be a cause of trouble, and now we are in a position to see why. For inference-drawing, to use an analogy of Professor Ryle's, is like taking a journey in a train: it is arguing in accordance with a rule which, if properly followed, guides you along a single path in the way the rails guide the train. But railways have to be built, and sound ways of arguing have to be worked out. Someone has to discover that we can, for instance, use geometrical techniques of inference-drawing in optics, before we are in a position to make the corresponding kind of inference at all. This is a task the scientist takes on when he sets about developing a theory.

The scientist formulating a theory is therefore more like a man who builds a railway than he is like a man who travels on one: the people who travel on the railway the scientist builds are the engineer and anyone else who later puts his theory to use: the people, that is, who learn to argue about optical phenomena, or whatever it may be, in the ways the scientist has worked out. It is misleading therefore to talk of discoveries

in science as inferences. The scientist's achievement is not the correct performance of an old kind of inference: it is the discovery or invention of new ones.

There is, of course, a recognisable place in the sciences for inference. By it we argue from the known characteristics of some system of bodies to the behaviour we must expect of it and vice versa. An astronomer, for instance, works out the date of an eclipse of the moon: he computes it mathematically, in accordance with Newton's gravitational theory. This sort of thing is properly called inference, for it is arguing in accordance with set patterns, applying a technique which students of physics and astronomy are taught. But notice: it is much more like the logician's deduction than his 'induction'. It has none of the tentative, dubious air that one finds about induction; it involves in no way the accumulation of instances; and it is, in fact, wherever possible, made a matter for mathematics. New theories, by contrast, are not inferred, mathematically or otherwise. Newton himself put forward his theory of gravitation not as the conclusion of an inference, but as a discovery. And such a discovery is no more a peculiar sort of inference than the building of a railway is a special kind of railway journey: rather it is a prerequisite of inference. A science without a theory is a field of which we have not yet any satisfactory picture: no ways of envisaging and calculating, that is, the phenomena to be expected in any given circumstances. A satisfactory theory provides us with these.

What I have been saying is not new—far from it. Galileo saw much of it clearly enough. There have also been writers on logic like Whewell in the last century and Popper in this, who have rightly emphasised the role of 'colligating conceptions' or 'hypotheses' in the theoretical sciences. Quite often, indeed, logicians discuss briefly what they call the 'hypothetico-deductive method'. Still, these facts are recognised only to be forgotten again. The hypothetico-deductive method is as often as not presented as a way of arguing from one empirical generalisation to another, so that the natural history model retains its grip, and the ambition remains to explain it away in terms of the canons of ordinary induction. Whewell's fine, but dry, accounts of the history and philosophy of the inductive sciences were eclipsed by Mill's best-selling five-volume *System of Logic*; and unfortunately, though Mill had not Whewell's first-hand knowledge of physics and understood its methods less clearly, it has been he rather than Whewell who has set the recent tradition.

One thing I must add, in justice to my colleagues. From what I have been saying so far I might seem to believe that scientists were better logicians than logicians are themselves. This does not prove in practice to be the case. Quite a number of scientists have tried to answer the logicians' questions about induction, including some giants from Laplace onwards, but they have usually given answers which were no better than the logicians' own answers. We need not really be surprised, if it is the questions themselves which are at fault. In fact, this is a subject we are all liable to get confused about. In my next talk I want to consider some of the problems which arise from doing so; and also to suggest a fresh model in terms of which to think about scientific theories: a less misleading one, I hope, than the natural history one which has held the field for so long.—*Third Programme*

Song at Twilight

We must go on from here,
Time has no turning—
Carry what we have learnt
Since there is no unlearning.
The bridge behind is down.

The bridge behind is down,
The canyon-crack of knowing
Divides us now from spring,
And soon where we are going
Darkness will come, and snow.

Darkness will come, and snow,
The nightfall of the year—
And hoping against reason
To win some kinder season
We must go on from here.

ANTHONY WOODHOUSE

The Age of Atomic Power

By SIR JOHN COCKCROFT

I AM going to deal with the problems which face the technologists who are working to harness atomic energy, or nuclear energy as we and the House of Lords prefer to call it, to produce useful heat and power. We are working on this problem, not because we think we can produce a cheaper source of power than that derived from coal, oil, or falling water, but because our power requirements are steadily increasing, and we cannot see how the supplies of ordinary fuel can keep pace with the increasing demands.

Nuclear energy is released from the central nuclei of atoms of uranium in structures known as atomic piles; we have two of them at Harwell and there are two larger ones at Windscale in Cumberland. They are in fact piles of graphite blocks interspersed with bars of uranium metal rods. When we start up the pile, the metal rods get hot. So the pile can be used as a nuclear furnace, the hot uranium bars replacing the firebox of an ordinary furnace. If we wish to produce power, we must use this heat to raise steam and to drive a steam turbine:

This is simple enough in principle, but the nuclear furnace has a lot of novel features. Its fuel is uranium metal or powder, and this is a very expensive fuel. On the other hand it lasts for a very long time; a single charge may keep the furnace going for ten or more years. The uranium itself exists in two forms, light and heavy; the light uranium, known as Uranium 235, is the real fuel and is only present in one part in 140 parts of the total; the heavy uranium is inert: it is rather as though our coal consisted of one part of coal and 140 parts of slate. The second important feature of an atomic pile is that as the Uranium 235 is consumed a radioactive ash is produced. So we have to enclose the furnace in thick concrete walls to keep in the radioactivity, and we have to take precautions to confine the radioactivity when we withdraw the spent fuel.

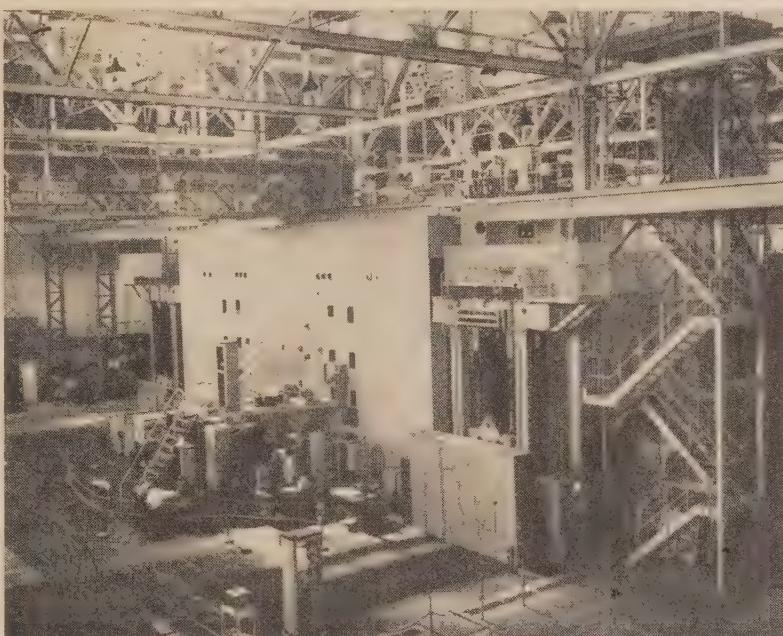
There are at least four kinds of atomic piles which could be used as nuclear furnaces for power development. The first of these is an improvement of the larger Harwell pile. At present we are using the heat developed in the Harwell pile to heat some of our buildings, and to heat some of the water for the establishment. In order to generate power economically we are designing an improved pile to work at an appreciably higher temperature. The uranium metal rods will have to work at a temperature of 350 degrees centigrade or even higher. Uranium is a peculiar and objectionable kind of metal which is apt to warp and distort unless great care is devoted to its production. The uranium metal rods have also to be enclosed in cans of aluminium or some other metal such as magnesium or zirconium to prevent the radioactive ash from escaping. These cans must remain free from leaks over long periods of time with a high degree of reliability.

So the Harwell metallurgists have carried out a good deal of tech-

nological development to produce trouble-free fuel elements. Like all technological development this takes good men and time. The engineers have the problem of designing the pile and steam boiler to allow the heat to be transferred from the pile economically to raise steam. Here again new problems are met with. The heat can be transferred by circulating a gas under pressure or we could use water under high pressure.

Then there are problems of economics: what would the nuclear power station cost to build? How much will its fuel cost for each unit of electricity? Industrial experience tells us that we can only obtain reasonably accurate estimates of costs by building a small-scale or pilot power plant. Without such experience, cost estimates are largely guesswork. The best guess we can make at the moment is that a nuclear power station of this kind might cost about twice as much to build as ordinary power stations but its fuel costs might be somewhat less.

A pilot nuclear power station of this kind will probably be built first, because we know how to build these piles and to operate them with safety, and they would therefore give the British Electricity Authority early experience of nuclear power. They have, however, the disadvantage that they can



Bepo, the larger of the two atomic piles or nuclear reactors at Harwell. This pile, which was completed in July, 1948, is an experimental tool, primarily intended for fundamental research. It consists of graphite blocks interspersed with bars of uranium metal rods. In the photograph experimental equipment is seen in front and on top of the pile

only burn a part of the light uranium which, as I said earlier, forms less than one per cent. of the total uranium. So we might require as much as a thousand tons of uranium a year to produce a substantial part of our power from uranium fuel, and this is quite an appreciable amount.

We must therefore try to use our uranium metal much more efficiently; we must learn to burn the slate in the fuel, the uranium of atomic weight 238. Fortunately, there seems to be a good chance of doing this by building another kind of pile, which we call the power breeder pile. The breeder pile aims at converting the heavy uranium in the fuel to new fuel. The atomic pile has many of the qualities of the philosopher's stone: it can turn one kind of metal into another. In particular it gradually converts the heavy uranium into a new metal, plutonium, which never existed on the earth before. This plutonium is a better nuclear fuel than the primary fuel, the light uranium. The pile can also convert thorium, another heavy metal, into another valuable nuclear fuel, Uranium 233.

Our future power breeder pile will therefore consist of a small cylindrical core of light uranium, Uranium 235, or plutonium. Surrounding this core would be a blanket of heavy uranium or thorium. Surrounding this again would be a concrete shield, pierced by holes to admit the fuel and to provide for control of the pile. The power breeder pile will burn the primary fuel in its central core but should at the same time breed in its blanket more fuel than is burnt in the core. The heat would be transferred from the core to a steam boiler by circulating a liquid metal such as sodium.

This then is the general picture of the power breeder pile, on which the long-term future of nuclear power depends. What we have to do is to translate this picture into a reality. The first and most important step is to produce in this country the primary fuel, Uranium 235, or alternatively plutonium. Uranium 235 is separated from the heavy uranium in a large and expensive plant known as a diffusion plant. Plutonium is produced in atomic piles such as the Harwell and Windscale piles. We could not therefore begin serious development on power breeder piles until we had developed supplies of nuclear fuel, and the first five years of the British programme were devoted largely to establishing this supply.

The next step is to design and build power breeder reactors. We are building the first reactor of this kind to operate at a very low power to enable us to check a lot of the rather difficult calculations leading to the design. Whilst this is going on, other groups of scientists and technologists are working on the problems of the high power breeder reactor. The metallurgists have the job of developing the fuel rods of Uranium 235 or plutonium. These have to stand up to extremely severe bombardment by nuclear particles in the power breeder, so the metallurgists must carry out lengthy preliminary trials of fuel rods using existing piles. The mechanical engineers are working on the problems of circulating liquid metal to transfer the heat from the pile to the steam boiler. New kinds of pumps suitable for liquid metals are being designed and built; corrosion problems have to be studied; tests of the ability of the liquid metal to transfer the heat are being made. The chemists and chemical engineers have the major problems of separating the new fuel that will be bred in the pile from its parent thorium or Uranium 238. This has to be done in the presence of the radioactive ash, which will certainly complicate the operations and make them more expensive. The cost of electricity derived from nuclear energy will depend almost entirely on the cost of chemical processing,

so it is of great importance to develop economical processes. Whilst all this is going on the design engineers, under Sir Christopher Hinton at Risley, will start to ask for information from the development groups to allow them to design the first full-scale plant, and as the design proceeds they will press more and more on the heels of the development groups.

We can therefore envisage the second phase of nuclear power development as starting with the building of one and then more power breeder piles, charged with expensive nuclear fuel, Uranium 235 or plutonium. After operating for a year or two, we expect that the fuel will be withdrawn and a new charge inserted. The old fuel will go to the chemical factory which, if all goes well, should, after processing, return to the power authority more fuel than was burnt in the first round. This would therefore gradually increase their stocks, and in time they would be able to build more nuclear power stations. We can therefore envisage a gradual development of nuclear power, not replacing coal stations, but supplementing them as new power stations are required.

This is perhaps looking some way into the future, and of course much remains to be proved and much hard work lies ahead. But, in case I am accused of building castles in the air I should say that the first low power breeder reactor has actually worked, in the United States, and has developed enough electricity to supply a hundred electric fires and some electric lights. We have not been told whether it has actually succeeded in breeding fuel.

I think therefore that these developments will come gradually. They will not introduce a millennium of cheap power. They do, however, provide some hope to the world of obtaining more power as our requirements grow, as they will, and of providing power in regions remote from supplies of ordinary fuel where fuel costs are high and power is scarce and expensive.—*Home Service*

Samuel Butler—III

A Satirist in a World Beyond Satire

By PHILIP TOYNBEE

TO judge from the popular editions of his novels, Samuel Butler is still widely read, half a century after his death. Last year his *Notebooks* were re-edited for the third time, and the only important book of his which is now wholly neglected is *The Fair Haven*, that curious and sprightly contribution to the textual criticism of the New Testament. We know, too, that Mr. Forster has been deeply influenced by Butler, and, having heard this from his own lips a few years ago, we have since been able to confirm it by our re-reading of Forster's wonderful novels. Nor is it true to say that Butler altogether fails to hold the attention of the critics, and occasional essays on aspects of his work are still appearing.

Yet it is also obvious that Mr. Forster is almost the only prominent writer of this century who has shown the influence of Butler. Butler's mind and methods have not survived him in the books of other writers—as, for an obvious example, the mind and methods of Henry James have never ceased to ferment in English novels which have been appearing since his death. And when we read or re-read *Erewhon* and *The Way of All Flesh*, I believe that we do so with a great sense of distance between ourselves and their author. I think, too, that we read these books in a mood which would annoy their author if he could observe the comfort and relaxation of our attitude. He meant to shock and to sting; today he entertains.

Let us examine Butler's present position among us from another angle. He is not a smart figure of our age, as poor Kafka has been unsuitably decked in smartness, as Flaubert is smart, as even George Eliot has been picked out from the Victorian bric-à-brac, and given a good dusting. In fact Butler seems musty in 1952, and nothing perhaps seems mustier than his conscious, conscientious, and industrious rebellion against the Victorian age in which he lived. It fascinates us much more to revive his profoundly acquiescent contemporary, Coventry Patmore, and to overpraise that poet in patronising reward for such long neglect—or else to dig deep into the greater Victorians and discover the anguish which lay behind their marble whiskers. A rebel like Butler escapes our patronage without offering the

concealed horrors which have been found, for example, in Dickens.

It is, of course, absurd to suppose that this is the whole, or even an important part, of the truth about Butler's present position and reputation. Fashion in literary taste is either a trivial thing which swings idly and inconsequently about from one year to the next—or it is the small visible peak of an iceberg, and needs explaining in other terms than its own. In the first case it is not worth paying attention to, and can probably be readily explained by relating it to the whim of a contemporary pundit, or to the lively re-editing of some neglected writer of the past. But in its reputable sense I take fashion to mean the slowly shifting centre of interest among writers, and if some obviously competent and powerful figure of the past plays no part even on our contemporary periphery, then this neglect cannot possibly be dismissed as arbitrary or frivolous. If Butler seems far away from us now, there must be discoverable reasons for this neglect.

Let me say at once that I take it as agreed by all who have read Butler carefully that he is not neglected for the most obvious of all reasons—he is not remote from us because he himself was a bad writer whose inflated reputation has now been successfully and forever exploded. When our critics do turn their attention to Butler's books, they speak of them with affectionate admiration, even with real warmth. It is not hostility which we have to confront in Butler's case, or even neglect by the reading public. It is the plain fact that he has no power to give us a sense of his own urgency, to speak to us directly as, for example, Chekhov can still do across the same half-century and across many much greater obstacles of time and place and language.

We must begin, I think, with the fact that the writers of the past who have the greatest power to affect us are nearly all of them writers who succeeded in seeing the world and their art in a new light. I do not mean only that they were technical innovators, but that they struggled for, and achieved, a fresh vision. This is obviously true of Chekhov; it is true of Flaubert, of Kafka, and of George Eliot. In the case of all these writers their new visions were clothed in a new language and a new form. The fact that their novelties are novelties no longer

makes no difference to the enduring rewards which they won by their determination to see the world afresh.

This particular gift was denied to Samuel Butler—or it might be as true to say that he took very little interest in his role as a creative artist. He was a writer who always had a message to deliver, rather than an artist with a vision to express. It is clear, for instance, that Butler was not much interested in the words he used or the form he imposed on his books. *Erewhon* and *The Way of All Flesh* are written in a clear, terse, and admirably effective style: they succeed in saying just what they mean to say. In fact this style is what some critics in the past have considered to be the very ideal of self-expression. But we, both as readers and as writers, have learned to demand something more than this. To us the memorable and moving phrase is one which reverberates with overtones, with unexpected associations, with signs and hints of other meanings than the primary one. The literary revolution of 1900 to 1940 has left us with the sense that extreme definition in style and method is not enough. Many modern critics have properly pointed out that the lack of it is still more inadequate, and the soft opacities of some modern writers may well seem to be a current fault which cries out as loudly as any for correction. Butler's etching line might well be a corrective here, but that does not mean that it can ever again quite satisfy us, even in such didactic works of art as Butler's.

That is a side of it which concerns me, because I myself am a novelist. It is not the only, or even perhaps the principal, reason why we now admire Butler from a distance, from across an abyss of the mind. He himself would certainly be surprised and justifiably vexed if he knew that we were now considering him either as a literary stylist or as a visionary. Yet when we consider Butler's beliefs they may well seem even more irrelevant than his method of expressing them. This is a difficult topic, for it is absurd to talk of a modern belief, difficult even to describe such an intangible thing as the modern spirit. It is easy to see that few contemporary Christians will be able to read Butler with sympathy, or even with patience. At best they might perhaps agree that Butler was an honourable assailant of a false form of Christianity, and that he unconsciously helped to clear the way for the deeper and more sophisticated faith to which they have now returned. More likely, modern Christians will simply feel that Butler missed the point, and made a criminal attempt to throw away the baby with the bath-water. In neither case will it be felt that Butler's sly jabs, his indignations and denials, are relevant to our time. Many non-Christians will agree, though for a very different reason. They find the anti-Christian issue boring because long ago settled in their own favour. They may take a certain 'period' pleasure in Butler's wit, and accord him full honours as a pioneer. But who that now makes use of the law of gravity can be bothered to read Newton?

The Critic of Christianity

Yet much of this seems to me to be a rather crude confusion of belief with mental attitude. A genuine creative writer—and Butler was that, without reasonable question—does not cease to be relevant as soon as his beliefs have been either discarded or taken for granted. The impact of Lucretius is not diminished by the fact that most of his highly dogmatic scientific theories have long ago been disproved and superseded. It is not his beliefs which seem to me to weaken the impression which Butler can make on us, living at this time; it is not the fact that he disbelieved in Christianity—still less that he thought it important to say so. Nearly all serious contemporary novelists under fifty would agree that nothing is now more important, or more inevitable, than to speculate on religious truth. But our uneasy speculations are of a very different quality from Butler's, whatever temporary resting place we may have found for ourselves—still more so if we have found none at all. Of commanding interest to him were the historical problems aroused by Strauss, Renan, and the German Higher Criticism. Indeed in *The Fair Haven*, the least known and read of his books, but the central document of his attack on Christianity, he made a most amusing and skilful essay in textual criticism, based on the divergences in the different gospel narratives. Incidentally, he first wrote the book under a disguise, and it is an interesting token of his elaborate irony that the fiction which he adopted of defending the Christian faith against its assailants was widely and gratefully accepted by hard-pressed churchmen.

It is also true that Butler attacked many aspects of Christian morality, both in the *Notebooks* and in the novels; but in our own time it is neither Christian ethics nor the historical accuracy of the gospels which

drag so insistently at our minds. In those fields Butler found it possible to write with confidence, and because he was a man of imaginative but fundamentally innocent common sense, he found reason to be exasperately optimistic about man's future. Personally I find Butler a brilliant and sensitive moralist, and I also take it for proved that the New Testament is not literally true. But neither for these reasons nor in spite of them can I find Butler's preoccupations and conclusions of burning relevance to the problems which confront us now. Grandiloquently—so it sounds, yet how confusedly in practice and effect—we are obsessed with the whole nature and destiny of man. The great metaphysical issues strike at us as they never struck at Butler—and this is certainly not because we are nobler and profounder men, but simply because we have been forced by inner and outer experience to flounder once again in these deep waters.

A Figure of the Past

Thus it is that though there is a sense in which we find Samuel Butler the most modern of the Victorians—for example, we laugh spontaneously at his jokes and admire, though few of us can emulate, the pleasant dryness of his mind—it is the prophetic and pessimistic Matthew Arnold whose eloquent fears and tremblings ring the louder in our ears. We like Butler, just because he was not a prophet, and intensely disliked the prophetic role. ('A country is not without honour', he once wrote, 'save in its own prophets'.) But we like and respect him as a figure of the past, not as a brother in our own likeness.

It might be brusquely said that what the gloomy, existentialising novelists of today need is precisely an immersion in the sane, ironic optimism of Samuel Butler's mind. But influences cannot be prescribed like a dose of salts, and, for the moment, it does not seem that the spirit of Butler is at all likely to be infused into the contemporary novel. He was, after all, a satirist first and foremost. That was how his mind instinctively worked, whether he was engaged on the extended and elaborate satirical fantasy of *Erewhon*, whether he was knocking off phrases in his *Notebooks*, or whether he was playing with ideas in the sardonic exegeses of *The Fair Haven*. Thus we read in the *Notebooks*: 'Mrs. Hobson's parrots would not allow any reading aloud in their presence unless their own names were frequently introduced. If they heard these interspersed among the reading they would be quiet, for they believed it was all about themselves; they did not understand it, but no matter what it was, it must be all right if it was about them. Modern men of science are like Mrs. Hobson's parrots'. The passage continues to enlarge the analogy with an elaboration proper to a preliminary note, but which Butler would certainly have known how to make implicit if he had chosen to expand this satirical simile into a story or an incident in a novel. This analogical method is natural to fabulists and satirists from Aesop to George Orwell. It was the way in which Butler's mind worked, even when he was setting down his most casual reflections.

Incidentally, this passage may remind us again that Butler's beliefs and disbelief, antipathies and affections, are of little importance to us or anyone else compared to the quality of his mind. Even in his own time, even while he was engaged in attacking fundamentalists and churchmen, he turned a greedy eye on the emerging follies of the Darwinians. It was his armoury which mattered to him much more than the actual beliefs of its victims. Or rather, so he would have preferred to put it; he had an eye for human folly and conceit in any quarter, under any disguise, and delighted to expose it.

Satire will surely remain a means of human expression so long as there is human folly and wickedness to satirise. But there are periods when satire falls into abeyance, not through the lack of follies and wickedness, but because things have gone too far for satirical treatment: disaster seems to be out of all proportion to any conceivable degree of human responsibility. It was still just possible for George Orwell to write a genuine satirical attack on Russia in *Animal Farm*, when the degradation of the revolutionary ideal provided a manageable indictment. The nightmare horrors of 1984 are not satire at all; they are an apocalyptic vision, after the manner of Dante or Swedenborg. It is surely relevant that the very existence of the monstrous dictator, Big Brother, is left doubtful at the end of the book, as if even the indignant Orwell had himself half realised that it is not enough, in the face of such a cosmic tragedy as this, to castigate individuals. *Erewhon* is anything but a vision of hell. It is a quaint mixture of a Utopia and a genuinely comic reflection on the absurdities of Butler's England. *The Way of All Flesh* is a more savage book, but it, too, is an indictment

(continued on page 1042)

NEWS DIARY

June 18-24

Wednesday, June 18

Statements are made in Parliament about draft scheme for Federation of Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland

Dr. Adenauer, Federal German Chancellor, says that since May 26 over 7,000 people have fled to Western Germany from new security areas set up by East German Government

Mr. Malik, Soviet delegate to Security Council, urges countries which have not ratified the Geneva Convention banning germ warfare, to do so

Thursday, June 19

General Sir Gerald Templer, High Commissioner in Malaya, speaks in London on progress against terrorists

Prime Minister tells Commons that Government has decided to abandon proposal to change method of appointing Governors of the B.B.C.

Friday, June 20

New Government plans announced to increase road safety

Several delegates to Security Council support American suggestion that germ warfare question should be referred to disarmament commission

Upper House of Federal German Parliament decides that every article in Bonn Convention and European Defence Treaty must have its approval before ratification

Saturday, June 21

Minister of Fuel and Power announces that coal exports this year are to be increased by 1,000,000 tons

Thirty-eight members of Opposition in Korea refuse to attend further sittings of National Assembly until President Syngman Rhee ends martial law

Senator Taft claims that the majority of the delegates to the Republican Convention are committed to vote for his nomination

Sunday, June 22

Lord Alexander arrives in Washington for three-day visit on way home from Korea United Nations delegation at Korean truce talks reaffirm that they will make no more concessions to gain an armistice

Monday, June 23

500 U.S. aircraft in Korea make biggest single attack of the war on electric power plants along Yalu River

Mr. Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State, arrives in London for Three-Power talks

Commons approve new B.B.C. licence by 302 to 267

Tuesday, June 24

Mr. Acheson meets Mr. Eden at the Foreign Office

Prime Minister makes statement in Commons on air attack in Korea

The Duke of Edinburgh cancels engagements owing to jaundice



Police controlling crowds demonstrating outside the Russian Embassy in Stockholm last week after Russian fighters had shot down a Swedish Catalina flyingboat into the Baltic on June 16

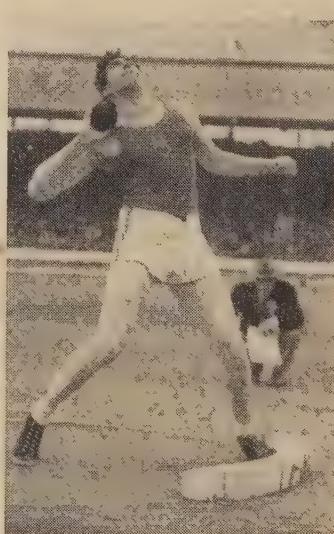


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V. Mankad scoring a boundary during India's second innings on the third day of the Test Match at Lord's on Saturday. In the match Mankad scored 72 and 184, and took 5 wickets. England won the Test by 8 wickets

Right: J. A. Savidge (R.N.A.C.) winning the Putting the Weight event at the A.A.A. championships at the White City on Saturday with a record throw of 54 ft. 1½ in. Leading British athletes were undergoing their final tests before the selection of the Olympic Games team



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Surrey: t



graphs that have just been received of Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener: he is seen (second from left) during a tour of inspection at compounds on Koje Island. Speaking to him is Brigadier-General Boatner, Commandant of the camp



British Ambassadors and Ministers from eleven Middle East countries who took part in a conference on Middle East affairs in London last weekend. Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, is seen seated, centre. On the extreme right (seated) is Sir Robert Howe, Governor-General of the Sudan, and third from right, Sir Ralph Stevenson, British Ambassador to Cairo



and the Duke of Edinburgh driving in procession from the Golden Enclosure on the opening day of Royal Ascot on June 17



Part of one of the sixteenth-century murals that have recently been discovered at Hill Hall House, Essex. The house is being converted for use by the Prison Commission and the murals were brought to light by workmen stripping the walls. The painting reproduced here is one of a series illustrating the story of Cupid and Psyche



attended the Royal Counties Show, held this year at Guildford, of the Surrey Union Hounds on Saturday, the closing day



Princess Astrid of Norway unveiling a memorial at the Royal Air Force station, North Weald, Essex, on June 19 to the Norwegian airmen who were killed in Britain during the war. The monument was designed by the Norwegian sculptor Roar Carlsen and flown to Britain



Right: the well at Tideswell, Derbyshire, decorated in accordance with the ancient custom of 'well-dressing'. This year's theme (the picture is made entirely of flowers) is 'Christ Sending Forth His Disciples'. The occasion is also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Derby diocese

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of cruelty and hypocrisy within a framework of kindness and good sense. Butler attacks Victorian parsons, parents, and schoolmasters, but the villains of his book are thrown into a lurid light by the mocking or indignant setting of the narrator's honest mind. Even twenty years ago it still seemed possible to us to discover the villains and agents of our public misfortunes in armament manufacturers or corrupt statesmen. Today even the most highly coloured villains seem to us to have

been victims as well, and whatever the evil may be which makes victims of us all, it is certainly nothing which can lie within the scope of satire.

Butler's great qualities can never become obsolete. It is a sign of our sad times that they have no intimate relevance for us now. We may at least take courage from his own courage and good sense, to hope that his satirical spirit will again become relevant in a new world of manageable misfortune. Until then we shall read him with a rather wistful admiration, almost, perhaps, with envy for his pleasant castigations.

—Third Programme

The Idea of the Creation of the World*

By KARL JASPERs

IN a certain hymn of the Rig-Veda, 1,000 B.C., and in India, the poet enquires into the origin of the world. What was there before? Not being, nor non-being, he says, not air, not heaven, not death and not immortality. . . . Only the One has breath. There was nothing else beside it. From it the world arose. . . . But the poet at once goes on to ask: Who, in truth, can know where the world came from? The gods, he says, do not go back so far. Where is the man who knows whether the world is created or uncreated? And the answer: This only He knows, the One, the All-Seeing—or does even He not know it?

The poet's questions, we see, reach even beyond the gods. He arrives at the Ultimate, the One, whom he calls the Overseer and the Master of All. Whether perhaps even He does not know it—this question seems sceptical to the point of blasphemy. But is it, in fact? When in all seriousness we enquire into the 'before', when our gaze has encountered the mystery, then, in the face of the all-embracing, the unending, it is no longer fitting that we should formulate what we have seen. Thought comes to a stop, questioning. It stands still in the face of being. Being is not to be infringed by a supposed knowledge, not even by the assumption that being can be known at all in the form of what we call knowledge. The question: 'Or does even He not know it?' conceals the fact that the intrinsic is unspeakable, conceals the fact that the basic knowing which has no object and transcends all specific knowledge is really alien to knowledge.

Such an experience was obtained 3,000 years ago. Have we progressed any further? Do we know more about the origin of the world? Let us consider the question. There are the primeval cosmogonies. The genesis of the world is represented as reproduction by means of sexual duplication and union, as original growth arising from the primal egg, from the sea; then again, as the creation of the originator; then, finally, as the development of the conscious out of the unconscious. Always these versions refer to processes in this world as a guiding thread to living, material, intellectual, logical occurrences, in order to represent the genesis of the world. All these ideas, even the most sublime, have one thing in common: wherever they are current one appears to know how the process occurred. One operates with powers, with gods, with substances, and with categories, after whose origin no one proceeds to enquire. The mystery, as upheld by the poet of the Rig-Veda, is lost in that pretence of knowing the facts. The question does not come to a stop in the face of the mystery; rather it comes to a thoughtless end in the answer.

A truer answer seems to lie in the idea of creation out of nothing. There are two historical instances of this idea. First, the biblical idea of creation: God created the world out of nothing, not in any of those fashions which serve to bring home to us what lies beyond the world by means of that guiding thread—by means of occurrences in the world. But even this idea, once entertained, does not bring thought to a stop. Thought goes on to ask: where, then, does God come from? From the nothing? Like the poet of the Rig-Veda, Kant confronts the mystery: 'One cannot avoid or tolerate the thought that a being whom we regard as the highest of all possible beings should say to himself words to this effect: I exist from eternity to eternity; nothing exists besides me, except that which is something only by virtue of my will—but whence have I originated?' The other instance is the Indian idea: the world is not intrinsically true, but Maya, illusion. As far as our lives are concerned the world is real enough, but, like our lives, it is a veiling of truth by mirage. The creation of the world is the flaring

up of this non-being in the misleading shape of appearance. But whence the illusion? Who brings it about? Once again, the idea of the origin evades our question.

All questions as to the genesis of the world can be met by a very different answer: the question, we can say, has been wrongly put. For the world is eternal, uncreated, generated out of nothing but itself, in itself everything. Important historical manifestations bear witness to this answer: in China it is unquestionable, self-evident truth. The world has existed from eternity, always the same in the rhythm of the moving constellations and of life. It is ordered by the Tao, the quietly predominant, non-violent power. For a moment this order may be broken by deviations, but it is never destroyed and continually restored.

In India and the east many thinkers have thought in terms of world genesis and world destruction. But though worlds arise and vanish, yet being is eternal for them: a world arises and perishes, but its decline is followed at once by a new genesis. The world is eternal as the cyclic process of the eternal recurrence of worlds. The following words of Heraclitus will serve as an instance of many: 'This world no one of gods or men has made; but it was ever, is now and ever shall be an ever-living fire, with measures of it kindling and measures going out'. According to such ideas in China and the east, the world itself is divine or God. To the question as to the genesis of the world the answers given here were either a mere game, with the object of uttering the mystery, or the answers became a specious knowledge in which the mystery was lost, or else the question was cut short by the assertion that the world is eternal.

But, in our own time, has not modern physics unveiled the secret by its convincing discoveries? The physicists tell us the history of the universe. With the primal explosion began that process which to the astronomers of our time manifests itself in the recession of the astral nebulae as the still continuously expanding universe. Anyone who hears of this, together with the factual evidence, stands amazed before this cosmos now so summarily explained, and thinks, perhaps, that now we know how it all began. Wherever measurements and mathematics predominate, modern man is inclined to submit. However accurate these particular findings may be, all is not right with the matter wherever it leads to assertions as to the origin and entire content of the universe. Wherever the realm of the empirically ascertainable is left behind in favour of conclusions which cannot be empirically verified, we are liable to be deceived. Mathematical calculations of possibilities are just as much deceptive speculations as the earlier, conceptual speculations of metaphysics, and just as tempting.

Two factors, however, are the decisive ones, and these are not easy to grasp. First, Kant understood that the world as a whole can never become an object of experience. We are in the world and never confront the world as a whole. As soon as we attempt to grasp the world as a whole, we are involved in antinomies, that is, in contradictions whose theses and antitheses both seem equally demonstrable as long as we think only in the abstract, and insoluble when we refer them to experience. Secondly, the world is not only the astronomical cosmos as discerned by measurements, convincing as far as they are verifiable, in terms of mathematical abstractions, and hence necessarily thought of as lifeless. That this is life and that we are human beings and that there arises a consciousness for which all this becomes comprehensible to an illimitable degree, all this we can no more infer today from our purely mathematical knowledge of the world than we could formerly from the mechanism of the play of atoms. From the perceptible

* Translated from the German by Michael Hamburger. A recording of the talk in

German by Karl Jaspers will be broadcast on June 28 at 9.30 p.m. (Third Programme)

cosmos we cannot infer the origin of the thought which perceives it.

Our result, briefly, is as follows: we cannot convert the world as a whole into an object; we always remain within it. But that world which to us is incomplete we transcend in the consciousness of our freedom, which cannot be inferred from the world.

The idea of the creation of the world by God is, then, a symbol, not an item of knowledge. The idea of the creation of the world opens up that abyss by which, in spite of all our knowledge of the world and our activity in the world, we are both engulfed and sheltered. But this idea of the creation of the world has its truth only on one condition, that we preserve its symbolic character. The idea, being a symbol, does not lie on the same level as our knowledge of the world. We think the symbolic idea, by shedding light on the unknowing it contains, roughly in this way. The creation of the world is not a process *in the world*. Before the world, there was no time, no space, no matter. But we, bounded as we are in all our imaginings by being *in* the world, inevitably think that there existed a time before and a Something before. But we can acknowledge this limitation of ours. The symbol becomes for us a means of gaining assurance, just because we consciously utter the self-contradictory: God created time — but with the word ‘created’ we speak of a temporal process and contradict the logic of the sentence. God created the world out of nothing — with the word ‘nothing’ we operate as if it were a ‘something’ and again contradict the logic of the sentence.

The symbolic idea of the creation of the world now becomes of decisive significance for our consciousness of our own nature. The two basic ideas, an eternal world or a created world — these two conflicting symbols offer two very different answers to the question of our own origin. Where we think of the world as eternal, there man originated *in* the world from the world, its product. Where we think of the world as created, there man himself was created immediately by God, a product of the world only where his body is concerned and in the physical and psychical functions of his body, but by his essential nature he remains as if derived from outside the world. It is as if we were created in the same way in which the world was created, but not *by* the world. As animated bodies we are part of creation. As freedom we are immediately derived from God. That is why in the world we are, at the same time, from elsewhere. We find ourselves in the world and yet are not only of this world.

But this again, we cannot penetrate in the sense in which we can know ourselves in our manifestations through the science of psychology. In other words: we do not *know* it. If we could grasp whence we have come, we should cease to be human beings. We can only touch the bounds in the consciousness of our humanity. This is the state of being imperfect and the state of being imperfectible. We live in time, that is, we are never finished, we seek and endeavour. What is eternal and what, in our activities, we are eternally, this we can never know, this acquires actuality in cyphers, in metaphors, in the mirror — as in the cypher of that idea concerning the creation of the world.

The idea of the creation of the world awakens us for the very reason that it permits no knowledge within itself. It points to the depth in which, at the same time, it conceals our origin. The knowledge of that through which we became what we are, the cognizance of our having been created, as if we had been present at it, would put a stop to the movement of our humanity in time. The knowledge of the process of creation, what it was like and how it came about, would be a perfect knowledge. We should know what we are and should no longer need to become it. With the entire, unreserved illumination of the Before, we should cease to have an After by means of which the Before must acquire clarity. We should no longer be living within the possibilities of our situation, but should be surveying them from above, mastering them, and should thus have brought them to a conclusion. All would be evident. Together with the knowledge of our origin we should have arrived at the end of our humanity. Through the manner of our knowing we should have attained a different, at present inconceivable, knowledge of our nature and our capacity for thought, and thus have become different beings; we should no longer be human.

But since we are human, that is, on the way to realising true being so as to discover in this realisation what we really are, we find ourselves in the situation that seems to make the following demands on us: not to make the world as a whole the vain object of knowledge, as if, so to speak, we could lay our hands on it, but *in* the world to enquire into the infinite: not to explain the world as a whole in terms of an assured totality of knowledge, but to accommodate ourselves in the world by means of our sense of orientation; to grasp the extent of our

unknowing by means of the maximum of possible knowledge; to content ourselves with our historical realisation in the here and now; to become conscious of the bounds by seeing to it that, always affected by these bounds, we remain in the state of unrest which does not allow us to find satisfaction in any form of being in the world; by realising our true being, to establish our own connection with the transcendent.

For this is a part of our nature: instead of understanding ourselves by reference to the world, there is something in us that can confront every form of being in the world. In so far as, in the world, we are yet from elsewhere, our task in the world is one that goes beyond the world.

One thing remains decisive for all that is possible to us as human beings: to accept and not to conceal the mystery that there is a world and that we are in it. Since the time when the Rig-Veda was composed, we have undoubtedly made many discoveries in the world. We have thus heightened the clarity with which we know our unknowing. But we have not advanced one step towards the crucial point. It is inspiring for our human community in the depth of unknowing to meet with the ancient singer and with the thinkers throughout thousands of years in the one comprehensive mystery. To fill this mystery with the substance of the language of our reality, this constitutes our historical life. But to have unveiled it, this would be either the illusion of a specious knowledge, which would cause us to miss our true possibilities, or it would be the truth and would then signify our transformation into beings other than what we human beings are.—*Third Programme*

Germany: a Baffling Phase

(continued from page 1027)

militarism, and the impulse towards chaos — were to be chained. But now the French fear that the old enemy, emerging already as the strongest power in western Europe, will walk out of the federation when she is rearmed, as ambitious and treacherous as ever. Alternatively, they fear that the European Defence Community may become simply Greater Germany in all but name — and force us all into war with Russia. M. Herriot, the great French elder statesman, has just addressed a striking warning to us — and to Russia — on those lines. The Germans, he said, will never forgive Russia for the loss of their eastern provinces, especially east Prussia, the cradle of Germany.

So there it is — the most baffling problem we have ever had to face. If we rearm the west Germans, even within the framework of a European army, there is one set of risks. On the other hand, if German unity is somehow achieved in temporary agreement with Russia, there are even more staggering dangers. Germany will be for us or against us. And that is where we are as the occupation ends.

And there is a secondary tragedy in all this. When the war ended we hoped that if we spent long enough at it we might teach the Germans the meaning of democracy. And I think we could have done it. I think we were making progress. But history moved too fast for us. We did not have the fifty years we needed. And we find that the average German is now more smug, and less conscious of his national shortcomings, than ever before. He says Germany was right all along. All sorts of people, from taxi-drivers to university doctors, have said to me: ‘Hitler, of course, was terrible — but . . . we were right about Russia. We knew the enemy: the eastern hordes’. A school teacher actually said: ‘We tried to pull civilisation’s chestnuts out of the fire. Now you want us to do it again. You can’t blame us for demanding a price — and why should you call it blackmail?’

It is notorious that this most easily disciplined of peoples has no intellectual discipline. Democracy to them often means only the opportunity for intrigue; and Germany is now shot through with intrigue. Every political party is full of it (in one major party, for example, there are two rival intelligence services). They love work — but for its own sake; the whole country is bursting with energy — but energy without priority. The new shops and the new millionaires’ houses are excellent; but many of the bombed-out workers still live in their cellars. They love ideas — but only for the sake of ideas: not for the purpose of evolving a synthesis, a plan.

Personally I am baffled by the German problem. The only certainty about it is that it is *danger*. From now on, for us, vigilance is the price of more than liberty. It is the price of life.—*Home Service*

Short Story

The Wilby Spirit

By CALDER WILLINGHAM

DR. ELMORE C. PRINCETON walked with a firm step down the wide centre aisle of the chapel auditorium. To the right and left, students sat at their desks. A few turned their heads to watch. Most were listening to Moon McCoy, who was in the process of making a few remarks in the front of the chapel.

Moon was saying:

'That team has gotten in there and fought'. Dr. Princeton stepped up upon the raised speaker's dais and stood three or four feet from Moon McCoy and slightly toward the rear. Dr. Princeton's head was high in the air and he looked out into space over the audience. His eyes didn't move. He had his hands down by his sides, with the fingers loosely drawn up and the thumbs stuck out. His horn-rimmed spectacles had slipped down slightly. His jaw was like iron, and his handsome head of silver hair was combed back neatly, even rather slickly, favouring the pronounced cowlick that allowed the Doctor, as he sometimes explained to Senior English, to indulge in the frivolity of a right-hand part.

Moon McCoy was concluding his speech. He was saying:

'They deserve yoah suppo't when the Wilby Gray run out theah on the field against the McElhenny Blue!' There were cheers. 'Now, before Dr. Princeton speaks, how about a YELL, a YELL for those boys!' Three grey-sweatered cheerleaders immediately leaped from their front-row seats and whirled around, facing the student body, fists clenched and eyebrows paralysed aloft. The head cheerleader, a very short senior known as Reggie, shouted in a hoarse voice: 'The team, now, the team! Oh set, hup, hoop — !'

The chandeliers rocked and shivered as the students yelled the cheer, with its concluding prolonged 'rah'. There was a clattering of leather belts upon desk tops, and shrill whistles rent the atmosphere.

Dr. Princeton looked over the students as the cheering subsided. For several moments he stood immobile, his face without expression, although it was clear from his general appearance that he approved of the spirit demonstrated. Long after the last of the cheering had subsided, he cleared his throat twice, then spoke in a cultured, resonant tone. He said:

'Gentlemen of Wilby'. The Doctor swept his eyes south-south-east to south-south-west. Then he focused his eyes straight ahead, at a forty-five degree angle, and said slowly; 'Once again the day of the year has rolled around when the Wilby Gray will do battle against the McElhenny Blue. This is a famous day in the history of Wilby. It's a day like no other day of the 365 that compose the calendar year. This is the day on which we do battle against McElhenny, gentlemen. You all know, even you younger men, what this means to us all'.

Dr. Princeton paused. The eyes of the students stared up at him. He gazed out of the window of the chapel in reflection. Finally, he smiled and said:

'I have been at old Wilby for almost twenty years. In those years, I have certainly seen many a game between Wilby and McElhenny, and I'll tell you one thing about that game. It is not completed until

the final whistle blows. No. That game is always a bitter battle. I recall one year . . . we played McElhenny . . . and that . . . year . . . we were under . . . dogs, just as we are this year.

'I recall they had a player in their squad known by the name of Tarzan Smith. Yes, Tarzan Smith. A great ball carrier. I do believe he went with Tech to the Rose Bowl. Or did Tarzan go to Duke? In any case, he became a big college star, and Grantland Rice listed him for All-American. Yes, Tarzan Smith! A great ball carrier—

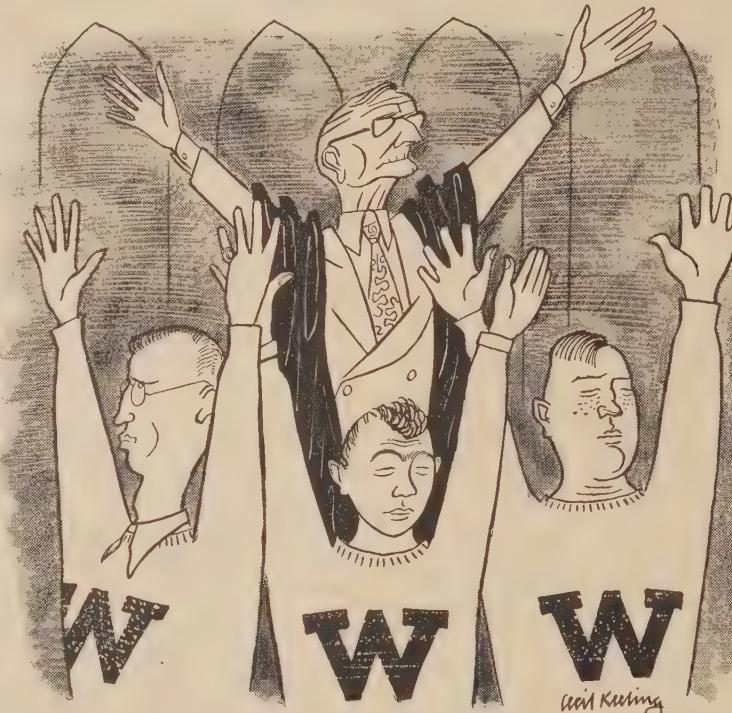
one of the best McElhenny ever had. A real pigskin merchant, gentlemen, with knees that drove like pistons. And he was McElhenny's star that year. We had feared him. Yes, we knew he was a real player, a ferocious wild man loose upon the gridiron. And then came the game. He ripped into our line. He tore it to shreds. The slaughter was terrific. It was all our lads could do to stop him at all — why, he'd carry two or three tacklers on his back; you never saw such a thing as that Tarzan Smith. It was just about all our lads could do to hold him, and, even so, he scored two touchdowns in the hard-fought first half. But . . . was . . . that . . . the end of the game?

'No, it was not. It was not the end of the game. Back in the dressing-room between halves old Moon talked to his men as I have never heard him talk before. Ah. What a talk. What a talk that was. Tears rolling down his cheeks,

Moon strode back and forth among the men.

'Now—there was a fullback on our team that year called Lanky Turner. Lanky Turner. Heh, heh. Old Lanky. Heh, heh—it makes me chuckle to think of old Lanky. But to tell the truth, Lanky had not been playing exactly a heads-up ball game. He had frittered around back there! But I remember how old Lank sat on the dressing-room floor, the tears running down his face as he listened to old Moon talk. I remember how the tears came in Lank's eyes as Moon said that he knew the second half would reveal that the Wilby team was composed of men who would not allow, who would not permit themselves to be beaten. Gentlemen, Lanky Turner had fire in his demeanour when he left that dressing-room. He was no longer interested in the fact that everyone had said McElhenny had too much weight for us—just what they're saying this year—and he was no longer interested if they all said that Tarzan Smith was a freight train in human form, which is just what they're saying this year about Jarring Jim Johnson. No. Lank was not thinking of such extraneous matters. I know he wasn't, because I heard him tell the boys on the team to go ahead and let Tarzan Smith come through that line, he would take care of him, just let him come on through, said Lank.'

'Now, the second half started. McElhenny ran the ball back from the kickoff to their own forty, tried a li'l short pass, then on the second play Tarzan Smith came charging up on a plunge through the line, knees driving and head lowered. The line made way for him and he went on through like a cannon ball—but 'bout three yards past the line of scrimmage he . . . met . . . Lank . . . and Lank met him. The collision was audible for miles. The proverbial irresistible force



had struck the immovable object. The great Tarzan Smith went one way, Lanky went another, and the ball went another. Gentlemen, that was such a tackle as I have never witnessed in my life. When that tackle was made, a gasp rose from the stands. That tackle was of such ferocity it was little wonder that Smith could not hold on to the ball. I have never seen a man hit so hard in all my life as Lanky hit Tarzan Smith, and, furthermore, it happened again, and again! Lanky! Well, gentlemen, from there on in, that ball game belonged to Wilby. We didn't get our second and winning touchdown for an awful long time—it was a thrilling, chilling contest up until the very last instant of play, but it was old Lank himself who lugged that pigskin over for the winning tally, and the clock showed that four seconds remained in the game—four seconds!

'My point, men, is that this game wasn't won by cold calculation. No. This game wasn't won by mental analysis. Spirit won it. Now, that gets in a group of men, but we have a name for it. We call it the Wilby spirit. McElhenny had a little too much for us that year, true, but our boys would not be licked. They got in there and fought like proverbial Wilby wildcats, and they won that game. It wasn't just Lanky, it was the entire team. During that second half, they refused to give up an inch. They would not let McElhenny beat them.'

'This year, we have a team out there that has the same Wilby spirit. They might be underdogs, but I am telling you now that they will win that game tonight. Our boys will beat McElhenny tonight. I am as certain of that as I am certain that I am standing here upon this rostrum at the present moment. I have seen the spirit that flows through those boys, and it is the Wilby spirit! They won't be beaten, and therefore they cannot be beaten! They will win! They will beat McElhenny! They will drive McElhenny from the field! And I want you all to be out there tonight yelling your hearts out for our boys, the Wilby wildcats!'

A tremendous roar went up from the students. Here and there were a few large-sized students who sat quietly and did not partake; these were the members of the team. In the midst of the cheering, there was a thunder of belts being banged on the tops of desks. Whistles, screeches, and yells sounded in the air. After several deafening minutes, Dr. Princeton's thin smile faded, and he raised his arms. The noise diminished, first gradually, then swiftly, until there was total silence. In a low tone, Dr. Princeton said:

'The Alma Mater'.

There was a rumbling as the students stood up, and as the rumbling ceased, introductory chords came from the old chapel piano. Youthful voices were lifted in song:

'By a sparkling stream of water
Underneath the pine,
Proudly rears our Alma Mater . . .'

There were several verses, all sung with feeling. Dr. Princeton lifted his mellow voice until it rang clear and strong above the students', and as he sang his eyes glistened behind his horn-rimmed glasses.

* * * *

The next day, Dr. Princeton walked down the wide centre aisle of the chapel auditorium. On either side of him the students sat at their desks, and many turned their heads to watch. A number, however, were listening to Moon McCoy, who was making a few remarks in front of the chapel. Moon was saying:

'Our boys got out on that gridiron and fought!'

Dr. Princeton stepped up on the raised speaker's dais and stood by the side of Moon McCoy. His head was high in the air.

'And', said Moon, 'I want y'all to give a yell for that team!'

There were cheers, then the cheerleaders leaped up in front of the students and led them in a resounding cheer for the team.

As the yell subsided, Dr. Princeton faced the students. They became quiet. Ten seconds passed as he looked over the chapel auditorium, head high, his eyes straight and level. Then he spoke. 'Men', he said. There was silence as the students all gazed up at Dr. Princeton. He asked quietly, 'Were our boys defeated?'

There was silence, no one volunteering an answer.

'No', said Dr. Princeton firmly. 'Our boys were not defeated. They walked off that field with their heads high in the air and their hearts on their sleeves! They played a gallant game, and more than that, no man can ask! Outweighed, they were not outplayed! They were in there . . . fighting!'

The students were silent. Dr. Princeton cleared his throat and continued, 'Gentlemen, be proud of your team. They have defended well the honour of Wilby. Some people might say that we were defeated, but I wouldn't say that, I would never say that, I would say that you can beat a team, but you can't defeat it, not if the spirit triumphs, and the spirit . . . the Wilby spirit was on that field last night, men!' Tears stood in Dr. Princeton's eyes. Suddenly he held up his arms very high and shouted in an extremely loud and hoarse voice, 'Up! Up! Up! ON YOUR FEET! LET US YELL LIKE THE VERY HELL FOR OUR TEAM!'

The students scrambled up, the cheerleaders leaped to their places, whirling around with uplifted eyebrows, and the chandeliers quaked as there was a truly violent yell for the team. Then Dr. Princeton held forth both arms for silence. In a choked, almost inaudible voice, he said,

'Now—the Alma Mater'.

From the corner came piano chords, and voices rose in song. Dr. Princeton raised his mellow voice until it rang strong and clear above the students', and as he sang, the tears streamed rapidly down his cheeks, dripping on down and soaking into his collar. Head held high, shoulders back, his horn-rimmed glasses placed firmly on his nose, he gripped his fists at either side of the coat-tails of his blue serge suit. He was beaten but not defeated.

—From 'New Soundings' (Third Programme)

The Burning Hare

Ages have passed this riddle down,
Today I seek its meaning out—
How, when the sapless bracken burns
Unquenchable in summer's drought,
A hare, lucky in liberty
From farmer's gun and poacher's gin,
Crouches too late upon her form
While merciless nature hems her in.

What holds her there? What secret bond
Of earth, too old for intellect?
Inscrutable powers shape her will,
She bows before the fiery fact.
Still, if she chose, a path lies clear
Across the heath, beside the bog,
Galloping there, she'd cheat her fate,
Yet lies as motionless as a log.

Pondering this, I muse how once
Buddha, incarnate as a hare,
Leapt in voluntary sacrifice
Into the flames some brahmin there
Had lit; and therefrom, all unharmed,
Stepped forth, in glad surprise to meet
Sakka, almighty arbiter,
Adventuring from the holy seat.

And thus was proved and justified,
Purged of all grosser elements . . .
So legendary lore might still unlock
Riddles of blind experience
If heart, not head, could read that book
Wherein the hieroglyphs of time
Are set—nature and beasts and man
One in the great heraldic rhyme.

But no, ironic with knowledge now
We witness this drama on the heath—
The sieging flames, the sudden dash,
The screams, the reeking fur, the death
In some deep covert. Blind and dumb
We stand in piteous wonder there
Nor guess how our pounding pulses prove
The terror and triumph of the hare.

J. C. HALL
—From 'New Soundings' (Third Programme)

Art

The Plight of Paris

By DAVID SYLVESTER

THE prevailing passion for putting or pulling together loan exhibitions is running riot in Paris at the moment. Its most spectacular manifestation is an enormous show of Mexican art, which proceeds from the Pre-Columbian via Colonial Baroque to the most frenziedly banal painting produced in our time, and is then redeemed by a vivid display of present-day popular art. Then there is an exhibition of Art in Italy which traverses the thousand years between late Roman mosaic and the Lorenzetti, and includes examples of the greatest Pisan sculptors and three single figures of saints, grave and authoritative, by Giotto. The *L'Œuvre du Vingtième Siècle* Festival contributes an anthology of modern paintings and sculptures, nearly two-thirds of which have been lent by American museums and collectors. A large retrospective show of Monet has just opened and a small one of Picasso has just closed: likewise a panorama of five centuries of still life. And so on.

Paris, however, is not yet officially recognised as a mere show place for what are known as *trésors*.

The number of artists actually practising there runs into tens of thousands; five Salons are open at this moment. One would therefore like to have just one contemporary artist to write home about—and I do not mean Braque or Léger, who both have shows running at present, but somebody who has not been labouring for years under an international reputation.

There are at least a dozen, perhaps two dozen, admirable and not altogether unoriginal artists in Paris aged between twenty and fifty. Most of them are working out, in some cases brilliantly, some very limited line of development implied by the art of the first quarter of the century. Others have aimed at a less fragmentary achievement by tackling the larger problems of their art—notably those of realism—but their success also turns out to be limited, in this case by an incapacity to give expression to more than a narrow range of emotions. This is less than one expects from Paris—not so much on account of her past glories, but because something more positive ought to be coming out of the incredible amount of artistic activity that goes on there.

It is tempting to suggest that this decline is the inevitable fulfilment of some innate defect of the modern movement. It is an explanation that seems distinctly plausible as one walks around the *L'Œuvre du Vingtième Siècle* exhibition. But that is largely owing to a bias in the selection exemplified by the presence of four pictures apiece by Mondrian, Miró and Malevich as against one by Masson and none by Morandi, or again by the fact that of six paintings by Juan Gris not one dates from later than 1918. The emphasis, in short, is on the abstract and the 'abstract'. And as we look at these walls we feel that

modern artists have, indeed, been too ready to stop short at an *aesthetic* solution—an inclination that might well be responsible for the increasing narrowness and specialisation of French art at the very moment of need for amplification and enrichment.

But, against this, we must recall what is being done today by some of the proven masters. Think of the apocalyptic terror of Picasso, of

the serene voluptuousness of Laurens, of the acute sensuousness of Matisse. Think of the penetration with which Giacometti explores the mystery of the way in which another human being suddenly confronts us. Think of the directness and the common touch with which Léger's figure-paintings reveal the enchantment of ordinary life as if they were images of a latter-day Rousseau (this in spite of the fact that for Léger, as for any contemporary, this magical simplicity was not to be found through innocence).

When it is remembered that each of these artists was trained in the hard school of Cubist geometry or Fauvist simplification, it becomes clear enough that the limitations of



'Deux Figures et une Fleur' (1948), a drawing by Fernand Léger at the Galerie Louis Carré in Paris

their successors cannot be the fault of 'modernism'.

I believe that the fault lies with Paris itself, that the conditions of life there are utterly unpropitious for the formation of painters and sculptors. Paris today seems to exist only to attract and distract the tourists on whom it has come to depend for its economic sustenance. This does not only apply to its bars, restaurants, cinemas, galleries and shops. In the main centres, the ordinary inhabitants, as they walk about the streets or sit on the *terrasses*, seem to have no purpose other than to play a part in the pageant of Gay Paree. The visitors, for their part, can scarcely try, as good travellers do, to sink themselves into the rhythm of the place, for it has no rhythm that is independent of them. They can only descend upon it as a different species, invaders from outside, locusts for whom the life they find there means only something to be devoured, quickly and entirely.

A direct consequence for the city's artistic life of this state of affairs is the virtual extinction of the intellectuals' cafe life: they have deserted the streets and gone home. And, indeed, some of the most distinguished have left Paris altogether. But the most profound consequence is more impalpable. A living art is the product of a culture, and a culture is the form, the ritual pattern, of the daily life a society creates for itself. Paris no longer lives for itself; its culture, therefore, is in process of mummification. In such an atmosphere, the imagination cannot breathe. It is only possible to perpetuate known techniques—the craft of cooking, or, for that matter, the craft of painting. So it is that the produce of the Paris School remains consummately professional as it becomes increasingly pointless.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Civilisation in Africa

Sir,—Since the Rev. Michael Scott delivered his broadcast (published in THE LISTENER on May 22) reflecting the distrust felt by many African leaders for any form of political union between Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, the Government's proposals for a Central African Federation have appeared. It seems to me that these go a long way to meet the very understandable objections raised by Africans in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, who fear that closer association with Southern Rhodesia would lead to domination by the white settlers and to the thin end of a Malanist wedge.

The main safeguard is to be an independent Board with powers to carry any doubts about any piece of legislation first to the Prime Minister and Central Assembly of the proposed Federation, and then, if it gets no satisfaction, to the British Government. What this means is that Parliament here will secure a large measure of control over any matter affecting African interests in the Federation. In the two Protectorates, it will retain its present authority, exercised through the Colonial Office, over many of the subjects (such as land, labour and education), which most closely concern African welfare.

In agreeing to this, Sir Godfrey Huggins' government has conceded a most important principle—the right of the British Parliament to intervene in the affairs of a federation in which Southern Rhodesia, which of course is self-governing, will be the senior partner. Thus the British Parliament and public will be able to have a greater say than before in the future of more than two million Africans in Southern Rhodesia, and will be in a far stronger position to challenge any extension of the *apartheid* principle which they may detect or suspect anywhere in Central Africa. In fact the Southern Rhodesian delegates would appear to have repudiated altogether the *apartheid* and the Malanist doctrine. They have agreed to equal representation with Africans on this Board, and to the direct election of African members (not Europeans representing Africans) to the Central Assembly. Surely this is a notable victory for the champions of racial equality and should be writ large on the credit side of these proposals.

It may be argued that no paper safeguards can afford ultimate protection. That is true, and applies equally to any promises we, the British, might make to Africans in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. The only ultimate safeguard surely lies in African capacity and in racial goodwill. It is because these proposals do offer chances for Africans to prove their capacity, and for racial co-operation to grow that they seem to me to deserve support.

And are not those Africans who reject them in danger of enticement by sirens? I mean that they hope to reach the same goal as the Gold Coast—all-black self-government. How can this happen in multi-racial countries like Northern Rhodesia? Only by expelling the whites, which would surely involve such persecution and racialism as to make Mr. Malan pale into a sucking-dove. Nor will Central Africa, on the whole a vast, under-developed region, be able to support the social services needed to underpin political advance without European skill and capital.

If these proposals are rejected, what is the alternative? Surely this: the ultimate triumph of *apartheid* and Malanism in Southern

Rhodesia and, in the north, political stultification combined with an economic uncertainty which could only inhibit the great developments those, who know the region, believe to be possible. Against that, we have the first really constructive effort to give shape and body to the idea of partnership: an idea blessed by all parties and races, which offers the only practical line of progress that points away from racial strife. Of course this shape and body will not be perfect, but is not the model at least worth a trial?

These proposals seem to me to mark a parting of the ways and I hope Africans themselves, and their advisers, will reflect that if hopes are dupes, fears may be liars and that racial distrust, however understandable, is not a sound foundation for a policy.—Yours, etc.,

Malmesbury ELSPETH HUXLEY

Rudyard Kipling: a New Aspect

Sir,—Professor Dobrée made no slip; Mr. Bennell should re-read 'The Gardener' in the light of its third from last sentence. This is admittedly a 'trick' story, and displays Kipling's unrivalled technical skill in constructing tales running on several planes at once, each reading revealing the key to the next lower, but not necessarily deeper, level. The Gnostic pattern, 'As above, so below', of reflected hierarchies is a part also of his literary technique.

What is open to criticism is not the concept of reflected hierarchies, but that the hierarchies reflected—from 'The Army of a Dream', through the 'A B C' tales to the peculiar masonic pattern of some of his later tales—are those appertaining to a fifth-rate public school.

Acquaintance with the allegedly humorous tales is even more disturbing. The theme is at best that of getting one's own back—revenge is too dignified a description, while justice is a concept outside Kipling's reach. The sole source of mirth in these ugly masterpieces, from 'Brunglesmith' to 'Aunt Ellen', is the humiliation, pain, and frustration of usually innocently involved onlookers who, not being of the same breed as the author and his cronies, are mere automata. The path from this to Dachau is short when history opens the way.

In spite of the hideous content below the surface of Kipling's work he can be read with profit and understanding. Professor Dobrée indicated the key in 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep'. There may have been other burdens; the passage quoted from 'The House Surgeon', and others are painfully vivid descriptions of the onset of migraine. Examination of the often used 'Brushwood Boy' theme may also prove revealing.

Those wishing to study the art of telling six different interacting stories at once under the guise of a straightforward tale should study, not James Joyce, but Rudyard Kipling.—Yours, etc.,

Farnborough ROBERT FAIRTHORNE

Round the London Art Galleries

Sir,—Perhaps it is Mr. Eric Newton's conscientious desire to 'accept any suggestion' from his analytical self that makes him so anxious to put things into watertight boxes that often leak very badly?

In 'Round the London Art Galleries' in the June 19 issue of THE LISTENER, Mr. Newton makes surely the most ridiculous remark made recently about the Impressionists. He says 'they never let their hearts influence them'. Even a

slight acquaintance with the paintings of Pissarro and Sisley, to mention but two, should convince the sensitive observer that these artists use their hearts constantly and deeply. In fact most of the Impressionist masters were exceptionally large hearted, lion hearted, who worked in face of nature constantly and humbly, and who were not gainsaid by poverty or abuse.

Maybe, after all, the *analytical self* is not good at detecting the use of the heart in works of art?

Yours, etc.,

Barnham

R. O. DUNLOP

Sir,—I have for years enjoyed Eric Newton's writings on painting, but must protest that he has mis-stated the aims of Ivon Hitchens in his use of colour, and, I believe, and perhaps as a result, underestimated the value of his art. Eric Newton states: 'Years ago he decided that... an almost exclusively emotional use of colour would "express" his meaning... now... his colour is so completely free that it is changing from expressive to decorative'. Turning to the artist's own definition of his aims he uses colour with discipline and precise purpose: to make his picture true to our common experience of space. In a letter to Herbert Read quoted in the Pelican book *Contemporary British Art* (page 27) Hitchens wrote: 'The essence of my theory is that colour is space and space is colour, and these must be right as well as the two dimensional pattern. Therefore, if my rendering is correct, the picture will look true in depth and natural, though not naturalistic'.

Yours, etc.,

Pendine

ARTHUR GIARDELLI

Myth and Faith

Sir,—Dr. Brunner contrasted the philosophical idea of the Absolute with the God of Revelation who has been, and is, active in history. Two points need emphasis, in fairness to Hegelian idealism. The Absolute is neither (a) inactive, nor (b) impersonal, as any student of Hegel's logic would agree. The words of Plato (*Sophist* 248e) came into my mind:

STRANGER: O heavens, shall they easily persuade us that absolute being is devoid of motion and life and soul and intelligence? That it neither lives nor thinks, but abides in awful sanctity, mindless, motionless, fixed?

THEAETETUS: That would be a terrible admission, Stranger.

Yours, etc.,

Lampeter

T. A. LEWIS

Battle with the Sand

Sir,—May I add my *kiss-not* to Mr. Stone's *keeshotte* and Madge Winterbotham's *keeshou*? I met it two years ago on the island of Oléron, where it is fairly common as a head-dress. Moreover, the author of a guide-book to the island, commenting on the fast-disappearing coiffes of the district, makes this remark:

Il en est une cependant qui a résisté: c'est la 'kiss-not', l'humble quichenotte, qui a défendu la pudeur des aïeules oléronaises contre les entreprises des soudards anglais. Son nom ne veut-il pas dire: défense d'embrasser?

The English soldiers on the island between 1152 and 1370—when it was included in the King of England's domains—were no less appreciative of local beauty than were Wellington's troops many centuries later.—Yours, etc.,

Guerney

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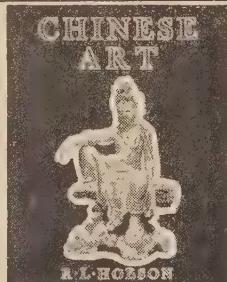
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Beatrice Webb's Diaries, 1912-1924

Edited by Margaret I. Cole. With an introduction by Lord Beveridge.

Longmans. 24s.

MRS. SIDNEY WEBB'S DIARIES, when eventually they are published in full, will take their place among the few great masterpieces of day-to-day autobiography. Indeed, even now, in the necessarily emasculated and edited form in which they appear they clearly take their place there. In the two volumes *My Apprenticeship* and *Our Partnership* Mrs. Webb herself did the editing, weaving extracts from her diary into a narrative of events. *Our Partnership*, which carried the story down to the year 1911, had been completed by her at the time of her death in 1946 and was published in 1948. The present volume consists of entries from the diaries between September 5, 1912, and January 18, 1924, when Sidney Webb, at the age of 65, became a Cabinet Minister in the first Labour government, Mrs. Webb ending the last entry with the words: 'Here ends the Old Testament'.

The book is so remarkable because it is of the highest interest and importance in so many different directions. Beatrice Webb used to say that she and Sidney were 'two second-rate minds', and there was a sense in which it was true, an extraordinary example of her devastating self-knowledge. But she—or perhaps one should always say 'they'—had so many remarkable qualities of intellect and character that the sum was not merely equal to 'first-rate' but in the diaries amounts to genius. A passion for facts and the understanding of facts; an infinite capacity for taking pains; a capacity for combining sympathetic intuition with objective criticism of persons; a high sense of values, individual and social—these qualities made Beatrice Webb a remarkable woman and an even more remarkable diarist. Her book is first an unmatched picture or panorama of contemporary history.

The Webbs sat on the hub of the political universe in London, or perhaps a more appropriate metaphor would be that they sat, like two industrious spiders, at the centre of a vast spider's web of politics in which they caught and frequently devoured, for the highest social purposes, every kind of person from Prime Ministers and millionaires to indigent writers and shorthand-typists. They therefore knew everyone who counted for anything in politics, society, or letters, and knew nearly everything that was going on both before and behind the curtain. They were highly trained, expert social scientists with encyclopaedic knowledge of the history and anatomy of politics. Their political judgment was usually very sound; they knew and made allowances for their own prejudices to a remarkable extent. Mrs. Webb was a shrewd judge of persons, though she could occasionally go strangely wrong, as in an entry about Sir Oswald Mosley. (Even in that entry she ends with a brilliant intuition, but the whole passage illustrates the rather unsatisfactory nature of edited diaries; there has been an omission in the middle of it which probably explains the contradiction between the judgment at the beginning and the intuition at the end.) The consequence is that Mrs. Webb's day-to-day account of events and persons is a document of immense historical value.

But the book is something more than a historical document and a good book to put on your library list. The diaries are or will be, when published in full, a masterpiece which can stand with Boswell and Pepys. This is due to Beatrice

Webb's personality. She was in her bones an artist, and she had another quality which was by no means evident upon the surface, but had a profound effect upon her as the writer of a diary. It is a curious fact that the great diarists or autobiographers like Boswell and Pepys (and should not one add Montaigne?) have had within them an extraordinary combination of subtle intelligence and great shrewdness with extreme naivety or simple-mindedness. They were all so sensitive and so intelligent, and yet not afraid of being silly (they were silly) and of giving themselves away. Beatrice Webb had the same combination of intelligence and naivety. It made her in actual life often seem rather ridiculous, but it also made her a great diarist.

The General and the President

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jnr., and Richard H. Rovere. Heinemann. 16s.

When President Truman dismissed General MacArthur a year ago from his Korean and Japanese commands the majority of Americans, including those who applauded the action, held their breath and waited for the lightnings to strike. Surely the presumptuous mortal from Independence, Missouri, elevated for a brief space to the chief magistracy of the United States, could not thus affront the military and proconsular majesty of Douglas MacArthur and live? Had they not met, a mere six months earlier on Wake Island, more like envoys plenipotentiary than president and general, with each party issuing its own communiqué on the talks and the president delivering himself of the embarrassing assurance that MacArthur was 'loyal to the government of the United States'? The lightnings duly struck; MacArthur's return provoked a torrent of eulogy and protest. The ticker tape that carpeted his ride through New York broke all previous records, the telegrams that poured into Washington flooded the White House with a sea of abuse. The President was burned in effigy. MacArthur, addressing Congress, was hailed as 'the voice of God.' But when the almost blinded observers could bear to look a second time at the spot where the thunderbolt had fallen, they were astonished to discover that Harry Truman was still there, still intact and in control of the government of the United States. What had happened?

Arthur Schlesinger and Richard Rovere, a historian and a journalist, have produced with remarkable celerity what at the moment is the fullest and most reliable answer to this question. They have examined the MacArthur legend and analysed the General's record, military and political. They have tried to be fair and on the whole have succeeded, even if the spice of *New Yorker* malice has occasionally spilt into their judicial brew. They have then gone on to disentangle the real from the superficial issues that alienated the President from the General. This leads them into an extended retrospect of America's Far Eastern policy, and the second half of the book is in fact less concerned with the actual events of the Senate MacArthur hearings than with the events in Washington and the Far East that culminated in MacArthur's open defiance of his commander-in-chief. They write as supporters of the President, but they seek to explain just as anxiously as they wish to defend; there is much in what they have to say about America's Far Eastern policy which will come as a painful, though perhaps tonic, surprise to some of their friends on the British Left. Perhaps the most notable achievement of their most informative and entertaining narrative

is its success in making both the administration and the anti-administration line over China equally comprehensible. They support the one and refute the other, but to British readers the great value of the book is not its apologetics but its exegesis.

The Philosophy of Modern Art

Collected Essays by Herbert Read. Faber. 25s.

Mr. Herbert Read has for more than two decades enjoyed a well-deserved reputation as the leading exponent in this country of the more adventurous types of modern art. His criticism has been the more worthy of attention because, since he has been free from the necessity of writing a weekly review of whatever exhibitions happened to be current, he has spoken only when he had something to say. And what he has said has never been a mere statement of personal reactions, whether of liking or of disliking. It is characteristic of Mr. Read's criticism that he hardly ever begins an essay by describing or analysing a given work of art. He begins with the evocation of a personality, with the definition of a type of art, 'metaphysical painting' or 'abstraction' or whatever it may be, or, perhaps, with the reconstruction of a certain historical situation. His concern, that is to say, is not primarily with the physical aspect of the work of art—he seldom even mentions or discusses individual and particular pictures or objects. He is concerned with the wider philosophical and cultural implications of an artist's work as a whole, or with its deeper psychological significance. His criticism is thus of the rarest and most detached kind.

Artists themselves have often felt, in consequence, that his criticism was of little use to them; its abstruseness and generality placed it, may be, on a level too far above that of their tools, materials and techniques. For the ordinary layman also, anxious to 'understand' a particular painting or sculpture, an elaborate discussion of (say) the 'concept' and the 'image', is often of less help than a frankly personal and subjective appreciation. Mr. Read has never been deflected from his course by the requirements of either of these audiences. If the public which understands the significance of his methods is a small one, the fault is not his, for he has written always in the most lucid manner, though with a formidable vocabulary.

The present volume, despite its somewhat misleading title, is a collection of essays nearly all of which have been previously published, and some of which, such as those on Surrealism, Paul Klee, Paul Nash, Henry Moore and Ben Nicholson, are already well-known. Many of them share a common approach and consequently gain from the new relationship with their neighbours. In the essay on Surrealism, however, the approach is quite different, detachment having been abandoned in favour of partisan advocacy; and the final essay on English Art, originally published in the *Burlington Magazine* in 1933, has little in common with the rest. The author is himself aware of the deficiencies of the collection, as he shows in his preface. It is true, as he confesses, that it is 'not systematic enough to give a complete picture of a period', from a historical viewpoint. When he asserts, however, in the same confession, that his activity is not critical, 'for I have never pretended to assess the value of particular works of art, or to arrange artists in an hierarchy of worth', he is guilty of some self-deception. His method, he claims, is not

critical, but philosophical, 'the affirmation of a value-judgment'. What else is critical activity but this? His judgment, it is true, is a judgment of styles and tendencies rather than of concrete and particular works of art. Nevertheless it is a critical judgment and one based, as always and by necessity, on a personal response to material. It may be considered a disadvantage rather than an advantage, in Mr. Read's criticism, that the concrete object and the personal vision remain implicit so far beneath the surface of his writing. One is entitled to ask the question: Has Mr. Read chosen correctly those artists of greatest significance in modern art, for individual treatment? His list of artists so treated is as follows: Gauguin, Picasso, Klee, Nash, Moore, Nicholson, Gabo and Antoine Pevsner. It is an odd list, and the selection of these names, surely very arbitrary and in some cases determined merely by circumstantial expediency, is nowhere discussed or justified. Why, for instance, should Gabo and Pevsner, rather than Moholy-Nagy (who is nowhere even mentioned) be chosen as the leading exponents of abstract constructivism?

If Mr. Read had become, twenty years ago, the director of a leading gallery of modern art (that he did not is one of the mysteries and misfortunes of art in our time) his criticism would most probably have developed in another, and more practical, direction. He would have been faced with the necessity of selecting, and thereby implicitly evaluating, particular works of art. You cannot acquire for a gallery tendencies and movements. But he has remained outside this practical arena, and his contacts with the world of contemporary art have been mostly in exhibitions and in conversations within the studio. The abstract and philosophical type of criticism which he practises with such distinction may occasionally seem evasive, as when we are told that the differences between the works of Gabo, Pevsner, Mondrian, Nicholson and Domela are merely superficial; but that it plays an essential and vital part in the broadening and deepening of the understanding of art there can be no doubt at all.

Sierra Leone Story

By Pearce Gervis.
Cassell. 25s.

The story of Sierra Leone is in truth a remarkable one—an area largely inhabited by returned detribalised ex-slaves, superimposed on an earlier sparse tribal society, a seat of English education and missionary endeavour, a meeting ground of Christian, Moslem and Pagan; and it is above all in this colony and in nearby Liberia, with a somewhat similar history, that the African secret societies have reached their greatest development; they would seem to be in the nature of a social invention for producing cohesion in groups of people who do not possess a common religion, common traditions or even a common language but have to live in close relationship with one another.

Mr. Gervis had opportunities of learning a very great deal about the Poro, the society for initiating and circumcising male adolescents, for, by a series of odd accidents, he was accepted as a teacher in one of them for a few days; but his ignorance of African languages or comparative anthropology, his relative lack of curiosity, and, to a certain extent, his reticence

prevent his account of this experience being very illuminating. We learn a good deal about the actual techniques of circumcision but little else.

At some period in the last twelve years Mr. Gervis took up some official appointment in Sierra Leone, spent some months in Freetown and its neighbourhood, and made one tour up country; he kept a diary, and, much more important, took his camera with him; what he has to write is of relatively little interest, but the sixty-five pages of photographs are superb, some of the most handsome pictures which

logy—of English poetry in its freakish moments, when a true poetic impulse discovered only the oddest material: 'Tibble, Gondril, Purvis, the Duke of Puke', 'Brisk as a bodylouse she trips', 'I sent a message to the fish', and

Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lowder,
She burst while drinking a seidlitz powder.
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,
She should have waited till it effervesced.

All these can be found in this collection, but its purpose is only incidentally to show the nature of poetry: Mr. Cohen has, as he says

in his Foreword, set out to make his readers laugh, smile and applaud wit and skill. Some of his pieces are, perhaps inevitably, old anthology regulars, but there is much fresh material among which it is good to see several unhackneyed poems by Hood. This would be a splendid book to give to those with a bored or too solemn an outlook on poetry, but pedagogues must be warned that their pupils will take an especial delight in some naughty pieces by Rochester, Pope, Prior and Mr. Gavin Ewart.

Golden Ages of the Great Cities.

Thames and Hudson. 28s.

This is a collection of essays on twelve epochs, each seen through the life of a city at the moment of its greatest pride. The book is not a study of the city as an institution, although the recurrence of certain trends in city life encourages the reader to draw certain general conclusions. The essays are separate and are so intended to be read, but there is a sense in which they tell a continuous story.

It is significant to note the number of these cities that fell from grandeur through a complacent disregard of earlier and simpler virtues or as a result of an insidious desire for aggrandisement. In examining the causes of the failure of Athens despite the brilliance of her intellect and the confidence of the Periclean era, Sir Maurice Bowra stresses the consequences of 'placing too great a trust in the intelligence, which turned from the clarifying of great issues to undermining their assumptions'. The victories of Athenian imperialism exhausted the resilience of what Sir Maurice calls a 'war-worn people'. Mighty Rome succumbed to similar temptations, and was overwhelmed. Her strength and material advantages, writes Professor Jerome Carcopino, were born of effort, and when Rome relaxed, the collective will to action was disarmed. Likewise, Christian Constantinople broke down in the face of prosperity, and, as Mr. Steven Runciman reminds us, never recovered from the ensuing military disasters of the eleventh century. Power and success are a challenge to the cities which they reward. The elaborate failure of *l'ancien régime* to respond, did not detract from the brilliance of Versailles, nor from the terror when, in the end, the challenge proved inescapable.

But this book is not a study in decay. It is a study in grandeur and frequently in greatness. Medieval Paris, Medicane Florence, Rome under the Popes and Venice are among the jewels of history. They demonstrate that if the site and some of the importance of cities are decided by geography, trade and war, it is in varying degrees the chance of personality that gives them their memorable character. The Capets and the Medicis cannot be dissociated from the achievements of their cities, nor can the disposition of



'Others take up wrestling', From 'Sierra Leone Story'

have come out of Africa. Mr. Gervis has a great appreciation for the aesthetic qualities of the African Negro, and though some of the photographs appear to be posed, seldom can beautiful people have been more beautifully photographed. He also liked the West African Negroes and would seem to have been liked by them; he used artificial respiration successfully on the apparently drowned son of a Sherbro fisherman and was accepted as a kinsman by the grateful family. They built him a cottage in their village and treated him with friendly respect. Although Mr. Gervis reciprocated their liking, he cannot write of them as fully human beings; when Negroes are made to speak, he puts all their dialogue into Coast pidgin, which makes them appear 'quaint' and 'childish'; Negro women are consistently referred to as 'mammies', Negro children 'piccaninnies', as though they were a different species to the author or his readers. On occasion the book reads like an enthusiastic naturalist describing the strange ways of his favourite animals; the illustrations redeem the humanity.

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Masterpieces of Victorian Photography. Catalogue and notes by Helmut Gernsheim. 36 pp., 1/-, post 4d.

Toulouse-Lautrec, 1864-1901. His Lithographic Work, from the collection of Ludwig Charell. Introduction by C. Roger-Marx. 26 pp., 64 illustrations, 2/6, post 4d. Many others available. Send a 1½d. stamp for a full list of publications to

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the Spanish Habsburgs be discounted in the long story of the decline of Spain and Madrid in the seventeenth century.

Perhaps the most striking study in this volume is that on Vienna under Metternich. Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, whose sympathetic appraisal of Metternich's conservatism attributes to that anxious, indulgent but agile mind a clearer policy than it possessed, defines the contribution of Metternich's Vienna to European civilisation as providing 'a momentary suspension of history—before the great industrial struggle of the mid-century'. It is now evident that the amalgam which was the Austrian Empire could not last, but the Viennese loved it while it lasted and, sometimes despairingly, sought to preserve it. This thoughtful essay is followed by a delightful account by Mr. Roger Fulford of late Victorian and Edwardian London. He describes the sparkle of that vanished life, without overlooking the social and economic pressures that were transforming the scene. Like the Viennese, London society loved it while it lasted, and knew, against hope, that it could not last long.

Mr. Robert Waithman's essay on New York heralds a new age. Optimism and fear are rivals today for the control of human action. A garish and forgotten indication of 'the optimism and speed of modern change is that when the Empire State Building was erected, its designers placed upon its summit a mast for mooring dirigibles! Recent New York exercises in civil defence are a vivid commentary on the fear by which man is now beset. This book, which has an introduction by Sir Ernest Barker, does not say whether optimism or fear is the better grounded. Some readers may be helped to find their own answers, and palliatives, by reading of what happened to the aspirations and cultures of the past.

Dryden. Poetry, Prose and Plays Selected by Douglas Grant.

Hart-Davis. 25s.

Dryden has now been added to the excellent and indispensable Reynard Library; and a very suitable choice he is. Few of us can find room or time for the eighteen volumes of Scott's edition, yet we want to have him represented in poetry, prose, and drama, and this is what Mr. Douglas Grant, with nearly nine hundred pages at his disposal, has been able to do for us.

Mr. Grant must have found that almost half his available space was already bespoken by the seven principal long poems, the Killigrew ode and the two St. Cecilia odes, the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, the preface to the *Fables*, and 'All for Love'. These were obvious and necessary choices. With four hundred and fifty pages left, he offers us from the poetry four verse epistles, 'The Secular Masque', the lines to the memory of John Oldham, four verse translations, seven prologues and epilogues over and above those printed later with their plays, and as many as thirty-seven of the songs; and he provides us with three more plays and two more essays.

On the whole the choice has been made with discrimination. 'Aureng-zebe' is certainly the best representative of the heroic plays and 'Don Sebastian' of Dryden's later manner. But in deliberating between 'Marriage à la Mode' and 'The Spanish Friar', which he eventually chose, Mr. Grant might have given more weight to the consideration that 'Marriage à la Mode' is still occasionally revived and that it would therefore be convenient for many readers to have the text available.

Though it was a happy thought to give us so many of the prologues and epilogues, we miss the important epilogue to *The Pilgrim*; and it is scarcely satisfactory to have the translations from the classics, which occupied so many of the years of Dryden's maturity, represented only

by the version of the ninth ode of the first book of Horace. If one was to have been chosen, it should surely have been the magnificent twenty-ninth ode of the third book. That was Lord Rochester's 'darling in the Latin', Dryden tells us; and adds 'I have taken some pains to make it my masterpiece in English'. His words come from the preface to *Sylvae*, which would itself have been better choice than the dedication of *Examen Poeticum*. With these reservations, Mr. Grant's choice may be commended.

Reservations are more serious when we turn to consider his introduction. Mr. Grant neither sketches Dryden's career, nor attempts to place him in his times, nor suggests what Dryden's lasting significance may be. We are offered instead a heap of meaningless images. Dryden's 'flights', we are told, give the illusion of 'the castle which, seen against a flowing skyline of summer clouds, seems to drift through the air'; his theological disputations have 'the interest and excitement of a conflict of flesh-and-blood'; his language 'scintillates with a summer-lightning of wit'; his songs 'are freshly scattered like dew-ponds throughout the plays'. It is especially inappropriate that 'fine writing' of this sort should stand as a substitute for criticism when presenting the writer who, as Dr. Johnson said, 'first taught us to determine upon principles of composition'.

Portrait of Europe By Salvador de Madariaga. Hollis and Carter. 18s.

Don Salvador de Madariaga is a supporter of the idea of a united Europe, a liberal statesman, and a stylist with an after-dinner way of writing. His new book is urbane, polished, anecdotal, and with an underlying seriousness of purpose which does not entirely convince the reader. It is not just that Don Salvador's quips bubble up too easily from his arguments: but that generalisations such as the following seem to belong to the 1880's rather than to 1952: 'Love, an indulgence for the Englishman, is a bodily argument for the Frenchman; an intelligent game for the Italian; a fire for the Spaniard; a flood for the German; a mystical perversion for the Russian. Thought, an affection for the Englishman, is a natural function for the Frenchman; a pleasure for the Italian; a speciality for the German; a vice in the Russian and a torture for the Spaniard'.

'Laughter', in brackets, one expects after this, which would be still viable if quoted from a post-prandial occasion. But Don Salvador would probably think it a vice of the critic to feel that Spanish paradox, when sufficiently watered down, strikes the English ear as dangerously superficial. It is true, at any rate, that there is a Spanish cleanliness about his bubblings which seems to denote that they spring from a pure stream coming up from somewhere underground. Sentence by sentence the judgments in this book seem rather trivial; but Don Salvador is a genuine scholar and thinker, and his opinions always add up to material worth thinking about; while he always remains true to his very passionate thesis—that Europe must unite. The central part of his plea is that 'both England and Germany must abjure their essential isolationism, merging themselves truly—and not just with gestures and words—into a Europe they must both lead with France. But this conversion must come about first in England'.

Don Salvador pelts the reader with his continuous stream of sharp assertions—some of which seem demonstrably false, others of which seem valuable. It is surely false to say that the French are 'the most sedentary of peoples'. On the other hand, the thesis that the Germans are in love with the French, and the French secretly admiring of the Germans, is stimulating.

Vercors' *Le Silence de la Mer* is a fable of our time which seems to bear this out.

Perhaps the best things in the book are not the generalisations about nations, but the attempts in the earlier chapters to define the spirit of Europe, and to differentiate it from the Asiatic. It is interesting—and significant today—to read that the Europeans are not elaborators of symbols, like the Indians, Chinese or Aztecs—but essentially portrait painters. This would lead one to reflect either that the European movements in the arts today are leading out of Europe towards the symbolic East and the primitive South, or that the European arts show their decline in their symbolist tendencies.

This book is, then, an excellent starting-off point for a dozen discussions and debates. As such it has real value. Don Salvador de Madariaga's mind, although urbane and old-fashioned in its ways of thinking and expression, is alive and aware of immediate problems. It is provoking because it embodies the paradox of out-of-date equipment dealing with up-to-date problems. The equipment is really out of date, because Don Salvador has written the kind of book which cannot convince anyone in an age of semantic studies and of statistical information. The semanticists and the statisticians have made us aware that statements of a kind with which this book is crammed, are meaningless. To choose one at random: 'Every German who goes South and discovers Italy suffers a metamorphosis. He suddenly realises that he has been living in a boor's paradise . . .'. Statements like this fall between the stools of the imaginative and the factual, and today the form of such thinking has been challenged and found wanting. Therefore a critic cannot say more about this book than that it is highly readable, amusing, and that it has seriousness of purpose, but that it does not satisfy standards by which the contemporary reader can accept the writer's generalisations.

Napoleon Bonaparte: His Rise and Fall By J. M. Thompson. Blackwell. 35s.

Fifty years ago an industrious historian published a bibliography of works dealing with Napoleon and his times that contained more than 100,000 titles. The vast flood of Napoleonic literature has since then steadily risen, and Mr. Thompson is justified in saying that an historian may well hesitate to attempt a new biography of Napoleon. Fortunately he overcame his hesitation and wrote what is undoubtedly one of the best lives of Napoleon in the English language. He was exceptionally well-equipped for his task by his previous studies in the history of the French Revolution and by his profound and detailed knowledge of Napoleon's voluminous correspondence, from which he published an excellent selection of *Letters of Napoleon* eighteen years ago.

But knowledge of itself is not enough to ensure the success of an historical work. An historian must possess a sense of proportion and selective ability in choosing the incidents or actions upon which he wishes to dwell, a resolute determination not to ignore the ignoble or ugly in favour of the attractive or praiseworthy aspects of his subject, scrupulous fairness in presentation of facts as in judgment of men and events, and an aesthetic sense that enables him to adapt his style to his subject. It is because Mr. Thompson possesses all these admirable qualities, and in addition wisely eschews any attempt to deliver a final judgment upon Napoleon because 'there never was and never can be such a person as everybody's Napoleon', that his scholarly, lucid and readable account of Napoleon's rise and fall merits a place alongside the late Professor Holland Rose's standard biography of Napoleon (which it supplements without superseding) on the shelves of any Napoleonic library.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Following the Horses

THERE ARE NOT MANY EVENTS in the social calendar at which time is more 'elaborately thrown away' than at Ascot. The television cameras there last week pictured this elegant squandering process so thoroughly as to produce an uncomfortable impression that not all the mindlessness was equine. The constantly reiterated saunterings in and out of our vision suggested, if they did not express, that energetically mental vacuum which occurs when hopes have not been realised. Though the television camera seems to be unique in its kind of apparatus in that it can tell a lie, there was no reason to believe that for this occasion it was flagrantly distorting the truth. It emphasised one fact

that they were taking part in a larger game, in which the winner will be fated to take up a permanent station on a plinth in the Natural History Museum.

An unexpected footnote to last week's main sporting preoccupation came in 'Week-end Magazine' on Friday night, an interview with the *Manchester Guardian* man who has been uncovering the facts about the horse slaughter traffic between Ireland and the Continent: horrible. This was a minor scoop for a programme which seems to be steadily improving. And a parenthetical word here about the Royal Tournament. Television made the most of it acoustically as well as pictorially, and proved to us once again that the Services at work are more entertaining than they are at play, except perhaps for the very young.

In 'June in Our Garden', Mary Malcolm introduced to us the Kew Gardens director, Sir Edward Salisbury, and Dr. Wilfred Fox, donor to the nation of his collection of rare and beautiful growing trees. We should have liked to hear more from those two and less, on this occasion, from Fred Streeter, whose planting act had better have had a programme to itself. A pall of diffidence seemed to hang over the proceedings, which were riven by not immediately complementary interests, the scientific and the pragmatic. Talk between Sir Edward Salisbury and Dr. Fox

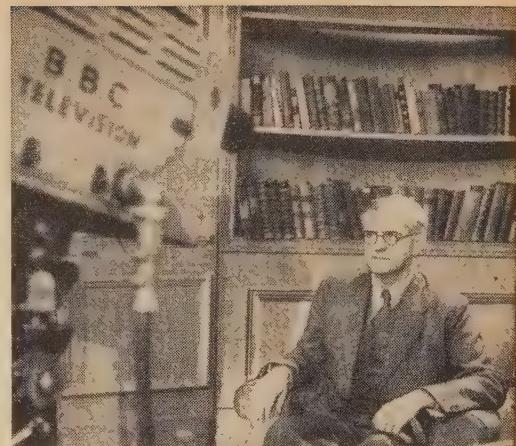


'June in Our Garden'. Left to right: Fred Streeter, Mary Malcolm, Dr. Wilfred Fox, and Sir Edward Salisbury

of sociological interest, namely, that the offence of litter is not confined to less exclusive haunts.

The pictures of the racing were generally good. There was a more favourable arrangement of camera points than previously and we were given a flatteringly comprehensive view of the royal drive and of the races. It was seldom anything but very good viewing and the excitement of the finishes came over exceptionally well. Peter Dimmock's race-reading was always helpful and Clive Graham's observations in the paddock kept the keener viewers efficiently informed about pedigrees, weights, and chances. The hardest task was Mary Hill's. She had to make what she could of a fashion parade that had apparently not finally recovered from the mourning period and was also affected by lack of money.

The earlier festival of the horse, at Richmond, gave us some excellent pictures and also, what we did not get at Ascot or expect to, a chance to laugh. Mounted police playing musical chairs supplied that: it was good fun. Watching horses through this newest visual medium is increasingly apt to seem a freakish experience; a sense of biological remoteness obtrudes. When, at this great show, the horses of the Household Cavalry, complete with riders, appeared in their panoply, imagination went spinning off with the notion



A. L. Rowse in 'Speaking Personally' on June 19

was not allowed to ripen, the producer requiring Fred Streeter to interrupt it in his best wiseacre style, with its inconvenient reminder of Bernard Miles and his wheel. Fred Streeter's is a savoury personality and dependable for yokel colour in the right place. For once he seemed out of his depth: not his fault; the producer's. The success of the programme was Mary Malcolm, dispensing a dyspeptic mixture of coffee and strawberries and doing her best to melt restraint with the warmth of her smile.

The police-station series, 'Pilgrim Street', is so shot through with primal dullness that one hesitates to write about it here for fear of being thought wilfully defaulting in appreciation of anything which its producer, Robert Barr, sets out to do. He may retort, if the facts warrant it, that the routine of the average police-station is dull, in which event one's head will be bowed not in contrition but acceptance. Another television producer, Caryl Doncaster, had much the same problem in the latest of her 'Rising Twenties' series, and contrived to rise above it with the help of a competently written script. Thinking back, one recollects that Robert Barr has more than once tried to manipulate his material without that support. Then there is the implied benevolence, the arm-patting reassurance that our police are wonderful; this series (there are three to follow) is stickied all over with it.



Racing at Ascot: finish of the Gold Cup, televised on June 19, 'Aquino II', ridden by Gordon Richards, (near rails) winning from 'Eastern Emperor'

Announced as talking about 'his native Cornwall and its place in English history', A. L. Rowse in 'Speaking Personally' last Thursday night struck out into less sharply defined margins of dissertation. That is to say, the essence of the talk was not attar of Cornwall, as one had hoped it would be. Perhaps Rowse, who wrote *A Cornish Childhood*, knows what the artist meant when he said that Cornwall cannot be painted.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Nineteenth Century

IT IS A SPRING MORNING in a provincial town of Norway during 1885. A Mrs. Birgit Romer is speaking to a Mrs. Karen Tygesen. Professor Tygesen is due to enter at any moment. The scene, one would say, is set for an Ibsen drama. What skeleton is about to clatter from whose cupboard? What had the professor of geography done in Christiania twenty years before? And what, incidentally, is the state of the local drains? Surprisingly, nothing out of the way happens. The piece, called 'Love and Geography', is by Björnstjerne Björnson, and in this not very exacting mood he is hardly a wind from the north. Very soon after the evening began (Third), I forgot about Ibsen, whose son married Björnson's daughter, and settled to an amiable, if (to modern ears) oddly ingenuous, comedy about the domestic life of an egoist.

The egoist is the professor, who puts his maps and his theories before his wife and her comfort. 'It's essential to the peace of a house', he says at one point, 'that there should be only one will, and that it should be obeyed'. There we have the pith of the comedy. Taken as a portrait of selfishness it is mildly entertaining; but, as Coriolanus observes in another connection, the word is 'mildly'. The professor is not a big enough figure to carry the evening. He should be much larger than life-size, and everyone here seems to be in miniature. Or we might say that Björnson, having blown up a balloon of comedy, cannot keep the air from escaping. The final scenes are flabby. On Sunday night, when we waited for something more to happen, we found that the author had tired and left everything to his players. Even Cecil Trouncer could not help us very much. Earlier, Mr. Trouncer, in his strong, precisely chiselled voice, had created firmly a selfish, garrulous fellow to whom a home was no more than a study. Once he had created the man, there was little to follow; and such acute speakers as Avice Landone with a lift and ripple in her voice that can animate the slightest line, Catherine Lacey with her thrusting attack, and Mark Dignam, had barely anything to do. Wilfrid Grantham, who produced, kept the pace lively: we felt at least that Björnson was having a fair deal.

Cranford in 1830: we expect gentle decorum here, and few could have been disappointed in 'Cranford Ladies' (Home), Vera Colebrook's compression of Mrs. Gaskell's book into sixty minutes. A reasonable time; any longer, and we might have found Miss Mattie beginning to cloy, though Joan Harben, vocally an earlier version of her Miss Mabel, controlled the sentiment discreetly. It is hard to be impatient with these candle-lit Cranfordians; they have been created with an affectionate warmth, and the radio re-creation preserved it to the last.

'Wedding Group' (Home) holds us in the nineteenth century. Seasoned listeners came to the revival knowing that most of Philip Wade's play is a long flash-back to the Crimea and after: the tale of a wedding deferred. The late Philip Wade contrived this carefully for radio; it is a craftsman's job, and we were glad,

during a competent revival, to hear the craftsman's son (Richard Wade) in a small part. Florence Nightingale (spoken sharply by Mary Wimbush) appears for a few minutes. The brevity is wise; Miss Nightingale is too strong a personage for so delicate an invention.

On to the present day, with three variety programmes, two from the studio, one (Light) a snatch from the Palladium. This badly wanted the visual effect: Brian Johnston's efforts could not summon for us the dire aspect of the Landru Sisters who appear in Jack Benny's act. Still, we had the full-cream drawl of Benny himself, and we had his story of the Wonderlair Californian Air. Nothing in 'Music-Hall' (Home) or 'Variety Bandbox' (Light) had this quality, except perhaps five minutes for the Bradens and their dog (without Fletcher), and the quivering treble of Beryl Reid's Monica, clearly St. Trinian's-trained. To her, parents are worse than new girls, and she has an exasperated, 'Oh, shut up!' for her happy audience. Little else; but I look forward now to a call on 'Arthur's Inn' (1952).

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

School-days

FOLLOWING UNWORTHILY in the footsteps of an earlier inspector of schools, Matthew Arnold, I tune in, now and then, to lessons on the air. It will be evident from my forthcoming remarks that, like most people who have no expert knowledge of a subject, I have strong views on education and no hesitation in expressing them. I hold, for instance, that once the child has passed the stage of tiny-totterings along the road to knowledge his lessons should be straight instruction and not disguised forms of play or bedtime stories. The average healthy child is eager to receive instruction on a vast variety of subjects and he is blessed with a memory as absorbent as a sponge; in fact he meets his instructors half way and it is only when an instructor teaches him that learning is a bore that he acquires a dislike for it. Why, then, waste time in drolling up fascinating material into milk-and-water dialogues between synthetic children, specialists, craftsmen, uncles, and so on, who spend much of their brief time-allowance in wandering from the point in simulated action or unconvincing back-chat? As a warm admirer of Jacquette Hawkes' *A Land*, nothing will persuade me that a talk written by her about 'The People of Windmill Hill' would not be infinitely more memorable and thrilling to the listening child than the spasmodic chat of Uncle Jim, Alice, and George, in which this lesson on 'How Things Began' was couched. Not that it was badly written; of course it wasn't; but the interest was inevitably diffused and dissipated by the dramatic realism—the talk, the heavy breathing, etc.—by which the ascent of Windmill Hill was suggested.

A much less tolerable example occurred later in the week in a 'Living in the Country' programme called 'The Gravel Pit', in which an inquisitive youth called Joe, with a voice aged twenty and a mind aged eight, sought information on gravel pits from an overbearing old Irishman (or was he a Scot?) who spent so much time in putting Joe sharply in his place that we received only a smattering of the subject.

However, as if to reinforce my views (or, if you like, my prejudices), I have in recent weeks heard some first-rate talks 'For the Schools' under the heading 'Religion and Philosophy', and the sub-heading 'Some Christian Books and their Authors'. Dorothy Sayers delivered a fine oration on Dante; nothing could have been better than Basil Willey's two broadcasts on Donne with readings from his poetry and prose,

and in the past two weeks Gordon Rupp was very good on John Wesley and on his selections from Wesley's Journal.

One can imagine that a defunct author, resting comfortably on his laurels, might be gratified to learn that preparations were afoot among the living to celebrate the centenary or quinquagenary of his birth or death. But any such feeling would nowadays be a rash jump to conclusions, since it is quite on the cards that the celebration, so far from exalting, may let him down several pegs. It is this that has befallen Samuel Butler, author of *Erewhon*. E. M. Forster was grateful and affectionate but not respectful, and by the time Graham Hough had finished with him, 'the boy—oh! where was he?' Not that either was unfair to him; on the contrary, their assessment of Butler's value today was, as far as I am able to judge, entirely just. Will Philip Toynbee give him a leg up? I doubt it.

In 'Jewels in the Dust' Robert Furneaux Jordan gave a brilliant impression of Ravenna and the mosaics which for me have remained one of the seven wonders of the world. It was an impression in depth, vivid and colourful, showing not only the Ravenna of today but the magnificent city of Classic and Early Christian times.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Birthday Party

STRAVINSKY'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY was celebrated delicately with the Three Japanese Poems, romantically with the Serenade in A which Mr. John Simons played with exactly the right touch of nostalgia. Had Stravinsky himself played it there would have been his own special alternations of the spiky and the maudlin. As Mr. Simons gave it to us the music sounded acceptable and rather quaint. It was a performance having a serenade quality such as might charm either a sophisticated or blindly lovelorn listener. And there was the Wind Octet. This, though earlier in date than the Serenade, gave us later news of Stravinsky's work than anything else in this programme. It is entrancingly clever writing, sends a thrill down the spine at one's own cleverness in following its intricacies, and has moments of beauty that come unawares, taking the breath away and leaving one exposed to the cold winds to come, helpless and unprepared for the return to the chilly abstractions of the Stravinsky of 1923. This is the most inspired note-splicing of the century, as dry as chips of orange peel found, if such be possible, in some Pharaoh's tomb, having the same enthralling interest for a specialist. The Japanese songs transfer the technique of 'Rossignol' to chamber music; there is a connection in time but not in character and certainly not in quality with Ravel's exquisite, distinguished, and stylish 'Trois poèmes de Mallarmé'. The connection is noted by Stravinsky in a peculiarly choice paragraph in his *Memoirs*.

Even at a first hearing, which seldom delivers more than half a work to me. Franz Reizenstein's 'Voices of the Night' was impressive. Here, one felt, is a work of considerable stature, shapely in each separate part and the whole held lightly but securely within a large, simple design. From moonrise to sunrise moments of heightened emotion, crystallised in verse, are formed into a pattern suitable for the purposes of a cantata. These emotions, now further heightened by music, have been aroused in the imaginations of the poets by sounds of the night; the winds, the call of owls, the voices of carousing humans, the gnawing inner voice that scares the sleepless in the low-ebbing small hours when occupational dreams become waking nightmares, the dawn-cock crowing.

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Verses chosen from varied sources by Christopher Hassall (and including to our great pleasure two settable poems of his own) are set for soprano and baritone soli, chorus and orchestra in rich and forceful music. Mr. Reizenstein shows an alert sense of the dramatic and in general a fine sensitivity. His music touches the words closely and vividly. I own to having followed this excellent performance by the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir under Adrian Boult with a score. Without it I should indeed have been lost in the louder, more rapid choruses where one word in ten came

through. Mr. Reizenstein has still that problem to solve.

From Aldeburgh came the sound of Mozart being played with an aristocratic grace that was like and yet curiously unlike the finest performances of great Mozart pianists. It was Benjamin Britten directing a concerto from the pianoforte. What put one in mind of the usual run of highly gifted players was the ease and assurance of the technique. But unlike any but the most human and sensitive of these great beasts of prey, Mr. Britten produced an enchanting interpretation that had a lovable quality. One was

drawn to cherish this concerto written for Mademoiselle Jeunehomme (of all strange concatenations) as though it were being displayed under circumstances of particularly keen affection. Mozart in his twenty-first year may, one felt, have played it in this way, with this *élan* and vivacity. One was in fact bemused into imagining many a delightful occasion parallel to this one. Not for the world would one have given up the charm of this performance in favour of a closer ensemble between soloist and orchestra.

SCOTT GODDARD

Mozart's Boyhood Works

By A. HYATT KING

'Die Schuldigkeit des ersten Gebotes', will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Thursday, July 3, and 7.30 p.m. on Friday, July 4 (both Third)

IT is difficult to say at what stage in the development of any man of genius there fall the dividing lines between childhood and adolescence, between adolescence and manhood. With Mozart, in spite of musical precocity, the state of boyhood seems to have lasted well into his teens. For his mental immaturity, so evident in his early letters, was prolonged by the well-intentioned strictness of his father's guidance. But by the time Mozart reached his seventeenth birthday on January 26, 1773, he was developing ideas of his own. We may, then, take this point as marking a convenient, though perhaps arbitrary term to his boyhood. Of his music written before that date, we possess nearly 150 works of fifteen different types. This total includes, of course, the separate short keyboard pieces written from his sixth year onwards, but does not take into account those committed to three sketch books, of which only one has survived. In the principal groups we find seven dramatic works, twenty-three sacred pieces, fourteen arias with orchestra, eight songs, twenty-nine symphonies, and fourteen miscellaneous orchestral works, seven string quartets, sixteen violin sonatas, and eleven clavier pieces.

In addition we know of about fifty more items which have not, unfortunately, been preserved. An early Breitkopf manuscript catalogue mentions four symphonies, and a letter of Mozart's sister three more, all now lost. Ten other clavier pieces included four works unusually entitled 'capricci'. A manuscript catalogue which Leopold Mozart compiled of all the music written by his son up till then specified a number of compositions now lost, including a trumpet concerto (how interesting to have compared it with Leopold's own!) and several groups of pieces for uncommon combinations of wind and strings.

But figures and groupings are perhaps misleading: let us look a little more closely at the music. Numerically, the instrumental works exceed the vocal by nearly two to one. In total length, however, there is little difference, as the symphonies and keyboard works are mostly short, and are offset by the two most important vocal groups which include five operas and six masses. Thus, in boyhood, Mozart does not appear to have favoured either the one or the other. But, as an instance of the way he responded to the stimulus of influences met on his travels and to the occasions they offered, we should note that of the total of forty-one surviving orchestral pieces no fewer than twenty-two date from 1772 when he visited Italy.

Undoubtedly, the most potent single musical influence felt during all his boyhood, and indeed one that never, so to speak, left his side,

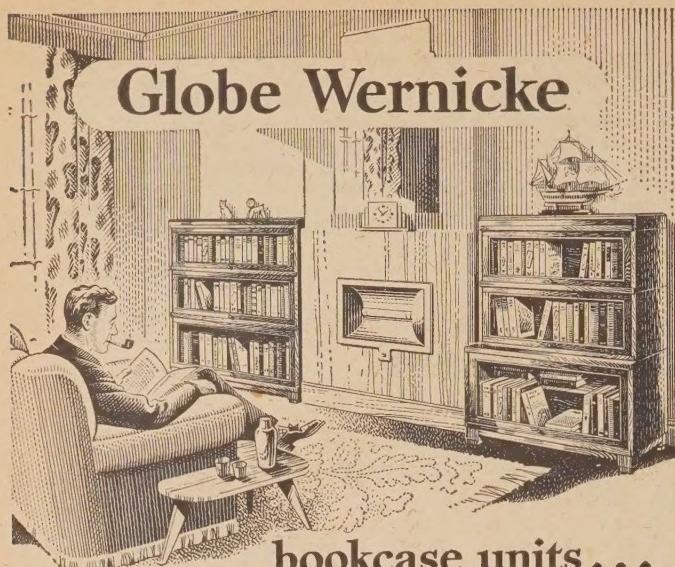
was his father. Not without reason was Leopold Mozart's violin method a 'best-seller' for nearly half a century. All the principles on which he built up his repute as a successful pedagogue were put into practice for his son's benefit. We have tangible evidence in the book of clavier pieces by a score of composers which Leopold compiled for Wolfgang to play and study. Less visible, but equally convincing, is the inference that has been drawn from the nature of the short pieces written by the child (unaided, during his father's illness) in the so-called London notebook of 1764. The rudimentary mistakes which they contain are so numerous as to provide silent proof that Leopold must have corrected and edited all his son's larger works composed up till then and for a year or two afterwards. For their comparatively unblemished state and well-organised material plainly exceed the limitations of the note-books. At this time, Wolfgang's power as an executant outran his latent gifts for composing as much as later it obscured them in maturity.

Against this steady and co-ordinated background we must set the fluctuating wealth of impressions that the boy received, both at home and during his travels, from the music of his older contemporaries. Their names as they recur in Leopold's letters have something of the allusive sonority of passages in 'Paradise Lost' descriptive of strange lands—Eberlin, Gassmann, Rutini, Eckhardt, Honnauer, Predieri, Raupach, Rauzzini and many others. Even if their music were ever played today, the differences in style, although vivid and distinct enough in the eighteenth century, would probably seem rather fine and slightly unreal to the modern hearer. Thus it is easier to assess the impact made on Mozart by rather stronger musical personalities such as J. C. Bach and Sammartini of Milan.

The mass of music which he wrote by the end of 1772, being so often imitative and derivative, is kaleidoscopic in its variety, and fascinating in the ways it foreshadows his later greatness and individuality. From 1769 onwards the technical skill is at times uncanny, except perhaps in the handling of counterpoint, which, despite the drilling given by his father at the end of 1767 and his later study at Bologna, he did not really master until much later. The many flashes of originality consist of piquant harmonic expression, arresting modulations, irregular rhythms and phrase lengths. We meet such things, on a small scale, in a little unfinished andante for clavier in B flat, of 1763: sometimes a whole movement is tinged by a strange intensity of mood, as the remarkably sombre andante of the C major Symphony (K.96) of 1771.

But, on the whole, the larger inspirations occur more frequently in Mozart's early dramatic music, where the words and the situation, however artificial, helped to fire his imagination. We find some unusual strokes in a curious piece entitled 'Die Schuldigkeit des ersten Gebotes', which the boy wrote early in 1767 for performance at the Salzburg court. (The autograph, by the way, was purchased in 1841 by Prince Albert, and is now in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle.) This musical morality belongs to an archaic type of oratorio, with *da capo* arias, long favoured at the court. There are four characters, the Christian Soul, the Worldly Spirit, Piety, and Justice. The whole was originally in three sections, of which Mozart composed only the first, the second and third, now lost, being respectively by Michael Haydn and Adlgasser. A short sinfonia introduces the nine numbers, between each of which is a passage of fluent recitative, one of which is, exceptionally, accompanied by all four strings. In the second aria Leopold Mozart wrote an interesting florid variant to a few bars in which his son had left rather a bare vocal line. Nos. 3 and 6 contain a remarkably elaborate part for trombone; in No. 6 the violins play *divisi* throughout, and in one passage the first has a few bars in crude imitation of the trombone. In No. 4 there is some delightful *obbligato* writing for horns and oboes. The framework for these and other experimental touches is, however, stiff, though Mozart tried to diversify it with frequent changes of tempo, and was moved to attempt some clever tone-painting. But as a whole the music does not really come to life.

Had Mozart died in his sixteenth instead of his thirty-sixth year, what would have been the judgment of posterity on his music? It would surely not differ from what would have been said of Turner had he lived to complete only his topographical drawings, or of Keats if his life had been cut short when he had written 'I stood tip-toe'—that here was talent of a rare order, with hints of undeveloped genius. Let us then be grateful for all opportunities of hearing Mozart's juvenile works, but let us not be blinded by their virtuosity into over-praising them or into rating them above the mature works of the best of his older contemporaries such as Gossec, Filtz, Rossetti and Johann Schobert. For they composed some fine music that is unwarrantably neglected today. It can stand comparison with what Mozart achieved when he strode from boyhood into early manhood with such remarkable compositions as the Symphonies in G minor (K.183) and E flat (K.184), both of 1773, and the andante of the Bassoon Concerto, written in 1774.



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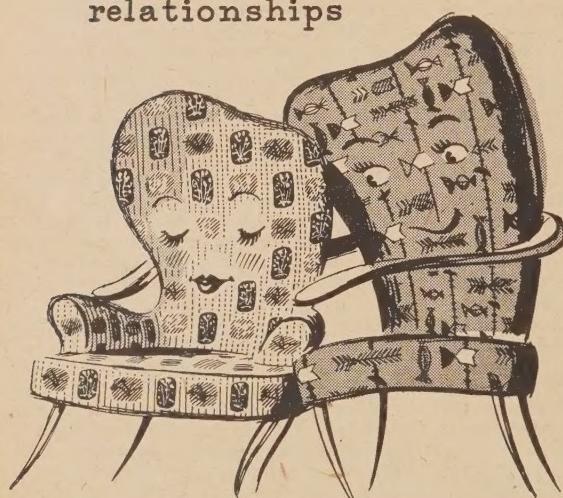


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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

CANADIAN LEMON PIE

THERE ARE a number of recipes for this delicious pie, but I have found this one a great favourite. You start off by making a flan case of short crust pastry, or alternatively lining one of those deep heat-resisting glass plates with short crust and baking it. Here is the recipe for the filling:

1 cup of sugar
1 cup of hot water
grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon of flour
1 tablespoon of cornflour
2 eggs
2 tablespoons of castor sugar for meringue

Put the sugar, hot water, rind and lemon juice in a small saucepan. Stir over gentle heat until the sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat. Mix the flour and cornflour to a very smooth cream with a little cold water. Add this to the mixture, stirring thoroughly, and return to heat, stirring until it bubbles and thickens: it almost needs beating when it starts thickening. Cool slightly, then beat in the egg yolks. Return to heat and stir until the first bubble appears. Remove at once and pour into flan case. Whisk the whites of the eggs until stiff, fold in castor sugar, and arrange decoratively on the pie. Bake in a cool oven until golden brown. This sweet is delicious, hot or cold.

ANN HARDY

BUYING KITCHEN EQUIPMENT

When you go to buy a kitchen table, a working table, you must keep in mind the question of height. There is nothing more exhausting than having a table that is too low, and so many of them are: something like two feet eight or two feet nine is about right for most people. Then you want to look for sturdy construction.

Nowadays most tables are constructed of metal, either pressed steel or light alloy; but if you buy a wooden one, do make sure it is properly seasoned. Another point is that nobody likes scrubbing, and therefore it is as well to cover tables with linoleum if you do not want to spend a great deal. Another point I should always look for in a kitchen table is a compartmented drawer for storing knives and all the little tools that are constantly in use.

As for a kitchen cabinet, it is possible to get a well designed one now for a reasonable price, with shelves above and a cupboard underneath; or perhaps a newer idea is to have a counter underneath with a wall cupboard above. Again you want to look for good construction; they should be double-walled if they are of metal, and with rubber buffers to eliminate the noise, because some of these cabinets made soon after the war were a bit noisy when you ran the drawers, and do see that the drawers run smoothly.

To go on to saucepans: the type depends, of course, on the method of cooking. But there are quite a number of points that apply to all pans; you want one which is going to keep its shape, and therefore do buy one that is of reasonably heavy thickness. Secondly, you want pans that are easy to clean, therefore look for rounded corners, for lids without crevices, and, of course, for handles that are fitted conveniently and not at that awkward, inaccessible angle. They should be firmly fixed and heat insulated, and for pans of four-and-a-half pint capacity and over there should be a special loop or knob which is large enough to grasp without touching the sides of the pan. Then lift the pan up in your hands before you buy it and just see if the balance seems right. Square pans are very useful for solid hot-plates, on an electric stove or a solid fuel stove, because you do not waste heat in between the gaps you get with the round pans.

And finally all the investigations, summarised in a Government report, show that aluminium is harmless and perfectly suitable for saucepans.

PHYLLIS GARBUCK AND RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

F. W. PAISH (page 1023): Professor of Economics, London School of Economics; formerly editor of the *London and Cambridge Economic Service Bulletin*; author of *The Post-War Financial Problem*, etc.

PHYLLIS AUTY (page 1025): Lecturer in the History of the Danubian Lands, School of Slavonic Studies, London; recently returned from seventh post-war visit to Yugoslavia

MATTHEW HALTON (page 1026): European correspondent of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation since 1945, and of the *Toronto Star*, 1932-43; as war correspondent witnessed the surrender of Berlin

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER (page 1033): Slade Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge University, and Lecturer in the History of Art, Birkbeck College, London; an editor of *The Architectural Review*; author of *High Victorian Design, An Outline of European Architecture*, etc.

PHILIP TOYNBEE (page 1038): novelist; on the staff of *The Observer*; author of *Tea with Mrs. Goodman, The Barricades*, etc.

KARL JASPER (page 1042): Professor of Philosophy, Basle University, since 1948; author of *The Way to Wisdom: An Introduction to Philosophy*, *Man in the Modern Age*, etc.

CALDER WILLINGHAM (page 1044): American novelist; author of *End as A Man* (recently published here), also *Geraldine Bradshaw, Reach to the Stars* and *The Gates of Hell* (published in America)

Crossword No. 1,156.

Line upon Line.

By Altair

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

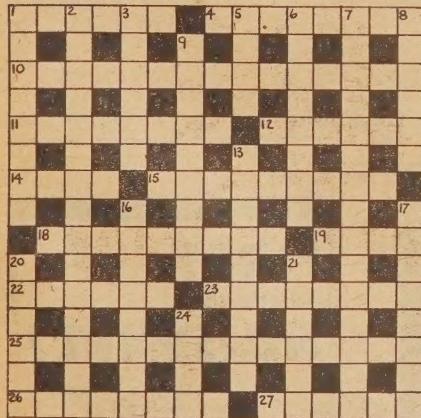
Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 3

CLUES—ACROSS

- Are we in the middle of a horizontal beam? (6).
- Elephant boy in side will put you right (8).
- He is prepared to cut one's losses (15, two words).
- Not one of the instruments suspended in psalm 137 (8, hyphen).
- 'Fhairson swore a feud
'Against the clan McTavish'. (—) (6).
- Disgruntled fish (4).
- How the instrumentalist may go with the singer (9).
- School-boy's parcel in offence of not minding one's own business (9).
- Dog's nose may give you a stitch (4).
- Punch artist headed for Chinatown (6).
- Stone that may hide treasure (8).
- The Roman in sight (anag.) (15).
- Diana is cut up and canned in N. American (8).
- Arc lamp carbon with silky conclusion (6).

DOWN

- Merrythought sounds like order to sailor to pick up a rope (8).
- Coward warned her mother about her career on the boards (15, two words).
- Hearty change in the mud (6).
- Fifteenth of last month—or next (4).
- The Greeks had no word for Prospero's 'brave spirit' (8, two words).
- Hare for algebraic hounds (15, two words).
- Don Quixote was such a knight (6).



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

- Animal lover and closer in play (9).
- 'Made more or less by thy — haste' (Shakespeare's Sonnets) (9).
- Spirit in concrete form (8).
- Eighteenth-century club (8).
- A fair railway, it would seem (6).
- Slide-rule marker (6).
- Lop ends of Napoleon's battle for an Indian town (4).

Solution of No. 1,154

Prizewinners:

1st prize: H. W. Pugh (Stoke-on-Trent); 2nd prize: C. U. Hatfield (Newcastle-on-Tyne); 3rd prize: T. H. East (Greenford).

M	A	N	H	O	D	I	S	C	A
H	P	O	D	R	T	S	N	E	R
L	L	E	D	F	O	L	E	R	Y
E	S	E	R	P	E	F	A	I	S
W	H	E	N	I	T	S	T	A	N
E	O	S	N	E	A	L	H	O	G
S	A	G	A	I	N	T	A	F	A
I	Y	M	L	E	N	R	E	E	N
L	L	I	N	G	F	A	B	R	I

Answers and Sources: 1D whelm Ham; 1, 2, 1R prime R; 3, 1, 2, 2R adopt Lear; 1, 1, 3R fends Temp.; V, 1, 4L hole A, & C; IV, 2, 5R afoot H.S.; III, 1, 5L Herod A, & C; III, 3, 6R loans Ham; I, 3, 7R dined M.N.D.; IV, 2, 8L Poins H.4(I); II, 2, 8R rises H.8; V, 4, 9L noise M.o'V; IV, 1, 10L elect Cor; II, 3, 11L fears H.8; III, 2, 11D daisy Ham; IV, 5, 12L Helen R, & J; II, 4, 13L forest J.C.; III, 1, 13A stern Mac; III, 2, 14L entrail Mac; IV, 1, 15D loses A, & C; II, 1, 16R insane Mac; I, 3, 17L pains Oth; I, 3, 18D Lewis H.6(3); IV, 1, 18R glow John; IV, 1, 19R sheep A.Y.L.I.; III, 2, 20L lying M.N.D.; II, 3, 20R raise Temp.; I, 2, 21L metal Lear; I, 1, 21R title Tim; IV, 3, 22L Ilias Trol; Prologue, 22R chase A.Y.L.I.; II, 1, 23R fons R.2; IV, 1, 24L hangs R, & J; I, 5, 2 L front Oth; I, 3, 26L adage Mac; I, 7, 26D dancie Shrew; I, 2, 27R name M.N.D.; V, 1, 28A Aeson M.o'V; V, 1, 29L beef Tw.N.; I, 3, Quotation: from 'Coriolanus', III, 1.

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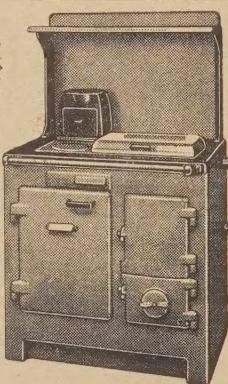
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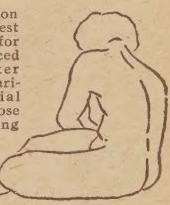
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